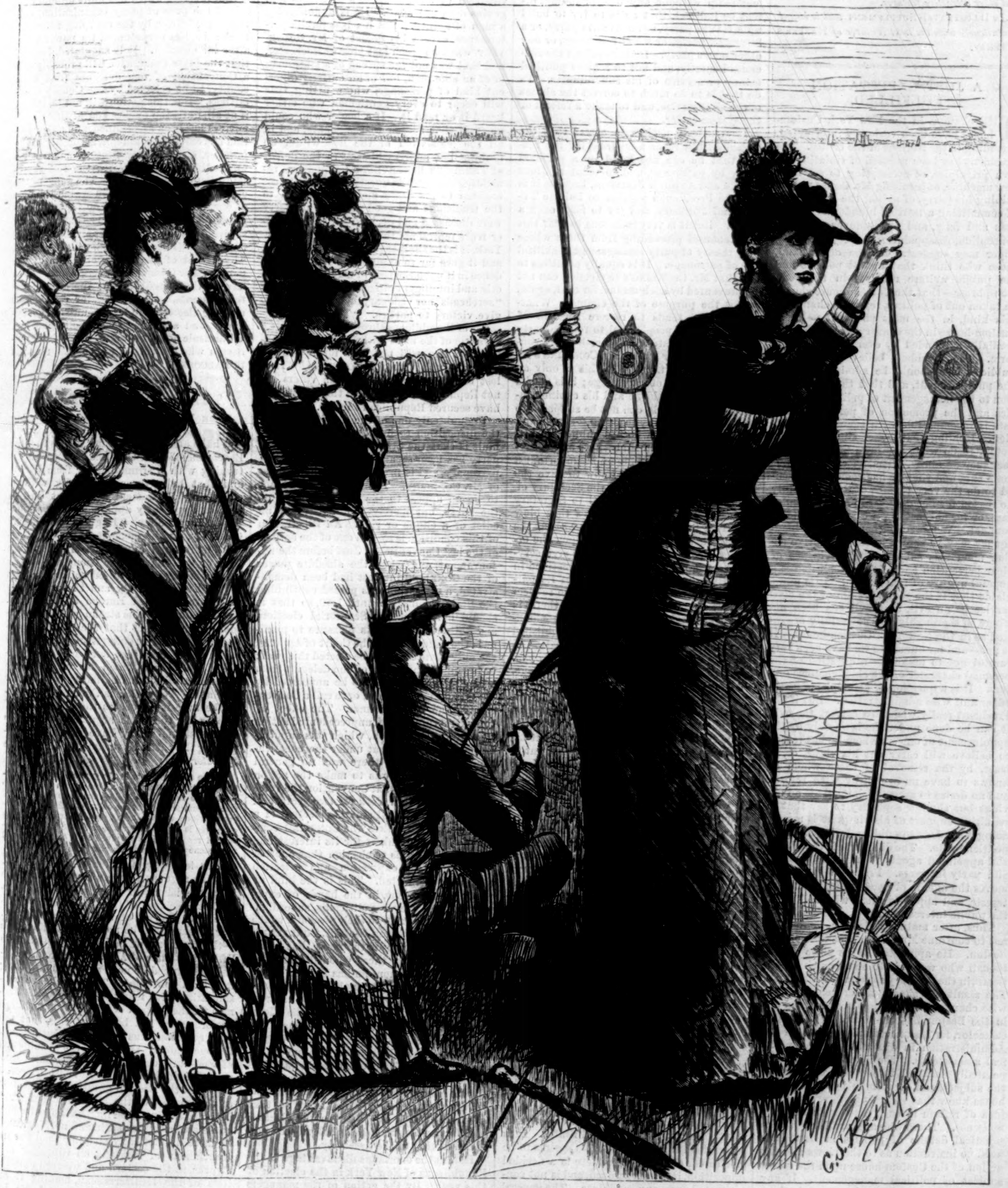
W B Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXII.—No. 1127.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



ARCHERY PRACTICE ON STATEN ISLAND.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 3, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a spirited double-page engraving, entitled*

THE GREEK INSURRECTION,

and other attractive features.

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A JUST EXPECTATION FULFILLED.

The changes in the New York Custom-house have been variously interpreted, according to the feelings of the critics. The President has been accused of violating his own principles, of attempting to set up a new machine, of insulting Mr. Conkling, of ruining his party, of aiding the Democrats, of committing a terrible blunder, of feebleness and folly, and of whatever else misconception, disappointment, prejudice, and anger may suggest. On the other hand, those who think that honest politics and the public welfare require—in the common phrase—that the Custom-house should be taken out of politics, regard a change of this kind, in the most powerful political Custom-house in the country, as a step to be cordially applauded by every friend of reform. The President believes that great public offices should be administered for the public benefit, and that their prostitution to the management of politics and parties and the promotion of personal interests is incompatible with such administration. Holding that belief sincerely, he is bound to do what the laws permit to correct such an abuse. That often he has not done this, and that he has sometimes seemed to do the very reverse of it, is certainly no reason for not doing it in any particular case, or for not making it a uniform rule of conduct. Whatever inconsistency or inadequacy may be shown in the Executive action upon this subject, every evidence of clear perception and of firm resolution is a hopeful augury of real reform. It is undeniable that if the spoils system of the civil service be an evil, that evil has been nowhere so thoroughly and powerfully organized as in the New York Custom-house. It is not—and for ourselves we have been very careful not to make it—a question of the personal character of the chief customs officers. It is a question of principle, of method, and of wise administration. But if the President really wishes to correct the evil, it can be done under the laws only by the appointment of officers whom he has reason to believe will carry out his views, or, at least, by the removal of those whom he knows to have no sympathy with reform, and no desire to accomplish it. It is an obvious but shallow sophistry to say that in requiring support of his views he is merely doing what Jackson did, and what all spoils politicians do. The difference is that Jackson appointed agents to advance personal and party interests. President Hayes removes the agents of personal and party interests, and appoints those who will serve the public interest only.

Thus, after mature reflection, he decided not to continue Mr. Simmons as Collector in Boston. He appointed in his place a gentleman who was said to be as much a politician, in the ordinary sense, as Mr. Simmons. The result has shown, nevertheless, that a wise change of system has been carried out in the Boston Custom-house. The Boston Collector, for instance, frankly seconded the Administration in discountenancing political assessments. The New York Collector pointedly declined to say any thing upon the subject, and every man in the Custom-house knew that its ruling officers held the idea of reform in such matters to be sheer nonsense. Those who are familiar with the practical details of politics in New York need no instruction as to the views and the action of the Custom-house upon the whole subject of political management. If any kind of reform was to be secured, there must be a change of chiefs. But it is said that no real change has been made, that the purpose is merely to construct a new machine by substituting one politician for another. That was also said in Boston, but it proved to be untrue. Believing the President to be sincere, we also believe that he is satisfied from his observation of the late official conduct of the new Collector that he can be trusted to administer his office as a public service, and not as a personal machine. When the Collector, confessedly an honorable man and experienced customs officer, betrays this trust, and uses his power to serve the interests of any politician whatever, it will be time to condemn the President and to expose the Collector. Mr. Merritt was known as a political friend of Mr. Fenton, and when he was appointed Surveyor there were those who believed that he would devote himself to "helping" that gentleman's supposed desires. If as Surveyor Mr. Merritt has been the agent of any man or clique, nobody has seen or suspected it. He has earned the respect of those who doubted the wisdom of his first appointment, and he enters upon the Collectorship without any understanding, direct or indirect, that he is to try to build up a Hayes party, or an Evarts party, or a Sherman party, or a Fenton party, or any other man's party. He is to collect the revenues honestly, and not to require political money or service of his subordinates. To do that is to do much to correct the abuses of the civil service, and to make a reform of the system easier.

It is utterly useless to assert that the President has made a mistake, for the reason that he can not build up a personal party by patronage, and to point to John Tyler and Andrew Johnson, because it is not the President's purpose to imitate Tyler and Johnson, and try to form such a party. But it is very ludicrous to hear this sage counsel proceeding from those whose only theory of party management is skillful use of patronage. It is equally pointless to say that Mr. Conkling's re-election can not be prevented by such means, for that, again, is not the purpose of the change. Whatever, indeed, tends to restore freedom of election to the people, and to release party action in the State from office-holding control, undoubtedly makes Mr. Conkling's re-election less certain. But this is only an incidental result of the change; it is not its object. The President and his cabinet, indeed, as individuals, can not be supposed to be especially friendly to a Senator, although of the same party, who has publicly insulted and derided them, and whose organ, saying nothing, probably, upon so important a subject which it did not know to have the Senator's approval, said of the Secretary of the Treasury, "There is peril to Secretary Sherman in the spring breezes that blow soft from Louisiana, and whisper about the procurement of false votes." Upon the ordinary theory and practice of the civil service the Administration would be justified in directly using the whole power of its patronage in New York to prevent the re-election of Senator Conkling, and there is scarcely a single politician whose condemnation of the late changes has been published who would not think an Administration to be crazy which should leave its bitter opponents in absolute control of the patronage. Of course such men naturally suppose the President to be doing what they would do, and they exclaim with horror that he promised not to do it. No assertion would persuade them that he is not doing it, that his object is not to defeat Mr. Conkling, but to prevent a merely political and personal use of patronage. The result must prove that, and if the President is playing false with his word and his friends—a suspicion from which his character wholly absolves him—we shall plainly acknowledge it when it appears. If our view be correct, the late Executive changes are not "blows" at Senator Conkling, unless Senator Conkling has a right to the active subserviency of the national office-holders. If that subserviency was not necessary to his re-election, the changes will not affect the result. If it was necessary, it was a monstrous wrong to the Republicans of New York, which has now been righted. The only "blow" that has been really struck is a blow for the restoration of the public offices to the public service. And for such a blow good citizens every where will be grateful, and hopefully "ask for more."

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

One of the leading interests in the elections of the autumn to the Republicans of New York is the choice of the Assembly, which, with the Senate already chosen, will elect a Senator of the United States. It is understood that Mr. Conkling desires to be re-elected, and although there is a decided opposition, it is unorganized, and is not concentrated upon any candidate. The general feeling has been, undoubtedly, that with the State party organization and the national patronage in the hands of Mr. Conkling and his friends, any contest must be so unequal that success would be very doubtful. Consequently a general apathy has fallen upon those who do not recognize Mr. Conkling as a fitting representative either of the public opinion or the true Republican principle of the State. An interesting letter from Buffalo in the *Evening Post*, a few days since, reported a conversation with ex-Senator Sprague, of the Erie district, which undoubtedly stated the situation with great accuracy. Mr. Sprague thinks that Mr. Conkling will owe his re-election to the inactivity of his opponents, and ascribes their apathy to the reasons that we have mentioned. He also alludes to some of the causes that have withdrawn from Mr. Conkling the sympathy of an important body of New York Republicans, "as unmistakably as it was shown at Cincinnati that he had forfeited the respect of Republicans throughout the nation." The New York *Times*, in an able article some weeks ago, had also pointed out the reasons. As a reply, incessant iteration of Mr. Conkling's greatness and genius does not avail. He is undoubtedly a man of ability. But his last public performance, except his defeat of Mr. Roosevelt, was his speech last year at Rochester, and that was not the speech of a statesman or of an able man, but of an entirely different kind of personage, whose fitting title will occur to every gentleman who either heard it or read it. If a leader who could go from that speech to the Senate, and in all the legislation of the last winter do nothing but address himself to the defeat of Theodore Roosevelt's nomination, remaining silent while questions of the utmost moment to his State and country and to the traditions and good name of his party were discussed and decided—if such a leader truly represents the Republicans of New York, it is the sharpest criticism of the party, and it goes far to explain the loss of confidence in it upon the part of many most patriotic and intelligent citizens, who are neither "soreheads" nor visionary fools, but men who give victory to parties. "There are thousands of Republicans throughout the State," says one of the most faithful of such Republicans, "who will not vote for Assemblymen who will vote for Conkling." It is lost breath to retort that such voters are not Republicans. They are the voters who have secured Republican success.

Undoubtedly one of the chief reasons of the disposition to let the result go by default is that the State organization of the party has been secured by means of official patronage, and is firmly held in the interest of Mr. Conkling. The election is felt not to be an appeal to the real sentiment of the party, but merely the registry of an edict of a clique or ring. An illustration of this condition is seen in one of the actions of the last Convention. Just before the adjournment, and when the absolute power of the Conkling interest had been demonstrated, a resolution was passed continuing the State Committee until 1879, so that it should hold over the Senatorial election, and authorizing it at its pleasure to nominate the candidate for the Court of Appeals, the only State officer to be elected this year; or to call a Convention of one delegate from each Assembly district, to be appointed by the County Committees; or to call a Convention in the usual manner. The effect of this extraordinary and unprecedented action at a State Convention, which was supported on the ground that under the constitutional amendments there was no general election this year, was to make the action and declaration of that Convention the voice of Republican New York for two years, and to prevent the usual annual selection of a new committee unless the Conkling committee should think it for its interest and the chances of his re-election that another opportunity of expression and selection should be permitted. This is the kind of party management, in the hands of experienced and clever politicians, subordinating the entire party to their pleasure, which fosters the conviction that Mr. Conkling is not the free choice of the party, but is imposed upon it by those whom he has put into office and whom he has kept in office. Even the late changes in the Custom-house will be regarded by the Conkling interest as merely temporary, and will not be allowed to affect the general understanding. Indeed, to make it temporary it will be felt that there must be a more vigorous union than ever of all the machine elements. The power of such management is so familiar to all who take a practical part in politics, that Mr. Sprague is fully justified in saying that if any change is sought, even the election of a Convention must be as laboriously contested as that of the Assembly.

Here is the enormous disadvantage to the Republicans of New York in the election of this year. By the action of the managers of the party, and by the fact of the choice of Senator by the next Legislature, Republicanism is identified with Conklingism, and to vote for a Republican Assembly is presumably to vote for Mr. Conkling's re-election. Now, if the political duty of a citizen is fulfilled by sustaining what is called the regular action of his party, however that action may be secured, that duty is plain enough. But if this be suggested, the familiar questions are asked whether, if government is to be carried on by parties, there must not be a surrender of individual preferences, and whether political action can proceed effectively unless the decision of the party majority made in the usual way is to prevail. These are fair questions, and the exhortation to harmony and to the surrender of personal preferences to the common decision is fair enough, on one condition, but on one only, and that is, that every body has an equal chance. Wherever that is not the case, harmony and surrender can not fairly be demanded. Now that equality can not exist under a system of party management by patronage. The office-holding interest is necessarily disproportionately strong. It is that interest which has built up and sustained the present party organization, and that organization by the usurping action at Rochester has perpetuated its power until after the election. It is suggested, indeed, that the State Committee will probably call a Convention of one delegate from each county, to be selected by the County Committees. But this action will not be taken, if at all, until the disposition of those committees has been ascertained, and a Convention so composed could not, according to the practice, elect a new State Committee, a proceeding which requires the full representation of the counties. The game of the election, therefore, is one in which the dice of one side are loaded. The reported conclusion of Mr. Sprague is that of every shrewd observer. It is that Mr. Conkling's re-election, if accomplished, will be effected "by assent of the better elements of the party rather than by their assistance." But having thus assumed that there are "better elements," the ex-Senator can expect nothing else than to be accounted a goody-goody, and a Sunday-school politician, and a Pharisaic prig, by every "practical" politician who desires "Glory to God, respects to Babcock."

THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

Some lounger at the London clubs has said, probably, as he observes that hotels and halls are changing their names to "the Beaconsfield," and that the new earl is returning with a triumphal air from Berlin, and that he governs practically without consulting Parliament, and that British opinion apparently applauds his most double-dealing policy, "England is Dizzy." Certainly, for the moment, "Dizzy" is England, more than any Prime Minister since Pitt or Chatham. Our comments of last week were scarcely printed before the news of the Turkish treaty and the acquisition of Cyprus startled Europe and England. The ingenuity of this stroke is the more evident from the fact that the most able opponent of the Beaconsfield policy in the press, the London *Spectator*, had just published an article which looked upon the possession of Cyprus as most desirable for England. The article is the more remarkable because it advocates the absorption of Cyprus by the same argument which the Beaconsfield party have urged for supporting the entire Government policy. The *Spectator* says:

> "If we can terminate in the general interest of civilization the existence of a free Dutch republic, we need have no sentimental qualms about lifting off from a European island the curse of Asiatic rule. Every province we can take from Turkey and govern ourselves is a possession added to the world's reservoir of resources just as much as if it had tumbled from some volcano-stricken planet."

This is simply the plea of the strongest. But the argument covers a great deal more than the island of Cyprus. It would include the seizure of the whole Turkish Empire, and indeed of all Asiatic territory. For if there need be no sentimental qualms—that is, moral or political objections—to lifting the curse of Asiatic rule from an island, there need be none surely about lifting it from a continent. The conclusive consideration with many enlightened Englishmen for the support of Lord Beaconsfield's performances has been just this, that the real question was whether Southeastern Europe should be under the domination of semi-barbarism or of civilization, of Russia or of England. The novelist Disraeli says that the Eastern question is a question of the control of the Mediterranean. The diplomatist Beaconsfield has now attempted its settlement as such, and nothing could be more dramatically striking than the intrenchment of England on Gibraltar and Cyprus, at the eastern and western extremities of the Mediterranean, making it an English lake, and commanding India by covering the Suez Canal. It is not the least of the Prime Minister's successes that his most powerful and sagacious opponent in the press applauds in advance his final and most picturesque stroke.

The Cyprus agreement did not delay the final signing of the Treaty of Berlin—a city which henceforth takes its place in the history of diplomacy with Münster and Vienna and Paris. The general result of the treaty is that by partition and possession the empire lately known as Turkey in Europe will henceforth be governed by Russia, England, and Austria. Civilization has gained nothing which it would not have obtained by a frank acceptance of the plan of the Constantinople Conference. England has undoubtedly gained in prestige, but at the cost of a tremendous and needless war, and consequently of civilization. England makes herself the immediate rival of Russia, and guarantees the Turkish territories in Asia against Russian encroachment. Religious liberty is proclaimed, but the arrangement in regard to the Dardanelles was not transmitted in the sketch of the treaty. It is useless to discuss the probable consequences of this important treaty. But the conduct of the Beaconsfield cabinet in its concealed negotiations with Russia on the one hand and with Turkey on the other can hardly be satisfactory to Englishmen who believe that the true honor of their country can be maintained by candor only, not by cunning. Lord Beaconsfield hoodwinked England while he played his little game, and apparently England applauds. It is an extraordinary episode in her history.

A PERSUASIVE PRIMER.

One of the most recent issues of Harper's "Half-hour Series" is a *Primer of German Literature*, by Helen S. Conant, and it is a most convenient little manual—a guide to the study and knowledge of German authors. It is necessarily limited to the briefest mention of writers from the earliest time to the latest, but it is very skillfully and satisfactorily done. In the sketches of some of the more important authors there are illustrative quotations selected from the best interpreters—occasionally including, as we suspect, the writer of the little primer herself—and the reader who follows his accomplished guide through the hinted melodies of the Minne-singers to the lyrics and dramas, the wisdom and the genius of Goethe and Schiller, the phantasies of Tieck, the simple ballads of Uhland, the older philosophers and critics, and the more modern writers, will perceive something of the nameless charm, the *Gemüthlichkeit*, of German literature, allowing him to explore its delightful realm, as the voice of the stream sang to Undine, and as the mermaids drew Melusina again to the faëry world of water. The series of primers, of which this is one, in the "Half-hour Series" is well worth the attention of teachers, as well as of private readers and students.

"MINOR QUESTIONS."

There is a disposition in some quarters to insist that "minor questions" and "little differences" can be and should be postponed, while all good citizens join hands to save the government from Southern domination. This was the tone of a letter written by Mr. Garrison to the Woodstock celebration, and of an extraordinary speech of Mr. Banks in Boston. It is the suggestion of many papers and platforms, and of much private conversation, and Bishop Haven thinks it is time for the nation to arise and "to consider on her natal day whether or no she really exists." For a natal day that particular question might seem to be somewhat superfluous, but there are times in which all questions must be entertained. The feeling which seems to Bishop Haven so threatening is not, however, according to him, limited to the South. It is a race hatred which not only harries and murders in the old Slave States, but refuses to incorporate a colored company in Connecticut, and to repeal in Rhode Island the law prohibiting marriages between colored and white persons. The bishop might have mentioned, also, that when New York gave 50,000 majority for Mr. Lincoln, it cast the same majority against the equal suffrage of the colored population.

This prejudice, or hatred, is the deplorable stain upon our history. But its tap-root was slavery. Under that system color was a sign of the servile race, and it has been that sign in Christendom for three centuries. Happily it has now ceased to be so in most civilized countries, and in this country, although emancipation was so recent and so galling in the late Slave States, the subject race has risen much more rapidly than might have been expected. The testimony of Colonel Higginson, one of the most resolute of the old Garrison abolitionists, and a leader in the more active Boston antislavery movements, is exceedingly interesting and valuable upon this point. "The South," as such, was a power in our politics, because it was the name of an enormous interest and a social and industrial system. Its leaders were able and earnest men with a distinct purpose, and they formed an alliance with the Democratic party in the Northern States to carry out that purpose of strengthening and extending slavery. They failed totally, and slavery itself has disappeared. Every State has resumed "its practical relations in the Union." Its internal policy, under the Constitution, is its own concern, and the national government can intervene only under familiar conditions. Now do any States or sections of States propose rebellion? It is not asserted, except in the extraordinary speech of Mr. Banks. If not, does experience show that the party of which "the South" is the strength can be successfully opposed upon the ground of the ill treatment of any portion of the population of a State? In other words, are Connecticut and Rhode Island, both New England States, likely to be kindled against Georgia or Mississippi for sharing their prejudices? If not, is the remaining consideration, that "the South," if it obtains power, will re-imburse itself from the Treasury for its losses during the war, likely to be more effective in 1880 than it was in 1876? If not, again, is not the exhortation to forget "minor issues," in the supreme question of defeating "the South," already vain? Is it impracticable, or treacherous, or disingenuous, or visionary, to suppose that the reason of the narrow Republican escape in 1876 may be found partly in the conduct of the Republican party itself? Were there not a great many voters who said that the things done under Republican ascendency seemed to them as bad as those that were suggested as possible under Democratic ascendency? And did not the result show that such voters did not regard the danger of Southern claims as an adequate answer?

It is plain that in the present political condition of the country a general election must be contested upon a distinct, positive policy, not upon a declaration of hostility to a policy which is not proposed. So earnest and intelligent a Republican as Mr. H. V. Redfield, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, to whom we owe so much trustworthy knowledge of the actual Southern situation, says not only that Democrats in Congress break when a claim is voted upon, but that there are many most meritorious Southern claims that ought to be paid. It must be noted, also, that only six Northern Democrats voted against the Conger constitutional amendment prohibiting the payment of rebel claims. A positive and intelligible policy, therefore, must include what are called "the minor issues," for they are precisely those upon which there are positive and strong popular opinions. One paper suggests that "reform" can wait. It usually does. Another says that "it is not safe or wise to make the finances a party question," and proposes to leave it "to be settled by the Congressional districts," as the Greeley platform proposed to leave the tariff. Why not leave the other questions to be settled in the same way? The questions are all national. There is none more vital than that of the finances; and if there need be no common party ground upon that, certainly there need be none upon any less vital issue. This is simply a declaration that the Republican party need have no purpose, except, perhaps, a general hostility to "the South." If that is the sole hope of Republican success, ———!

JOHN W. HONE.

Mr. John W. Hone, for many years a foreman in the printing-office of *Harper's Weekly*, and during all his active life in the employment of the house, died recently, after a long and painful illness, at the age of forty-six. Mr. Hone was a man of great intelligence and refinement of nature, whose manly simplicity and uprightness of character endeared him to those who, like the writer of these lines, were brought into constant and familiar intercourse with him. The gentleness and purity of his mind were reflected in his manner, and his modesty was the more winning from the self-respecting firmness of his will. His religious convictions were clear and consoling, but they were held as unobtrusively as confidently. His industrious life was passed in the printing-office in the faithful discharge of important daily duties, and in perfect harmony and sympathy with all his associates in every department of the paper, and with the proprietors. His perfectly quiet and uneventful life ends without the knowledge of the public for whom he conscientiously labored, but there are those who will be always admonished and quickened by the remembrance of his fidelity and his worth.

A CAUTION.

The narrative of Stanley's magnificent exploration of the Congo—one of the grandest achievements of modern times—is about to be published by Harper & Brothers in two handsome volumes, profusely illustrated with engravings from his own sketches. The story of this brave man's adventures, the dangers through which he passed, the sufferings he endured, the wonderful discoveries he made, told in his own graphic and energetic style, reads like a chapter of romance, and no one who takes up the book will be willing to lay it down until the last page is finished. No book of travels equal to this in interest and importance has been published within the last twenty-five years.

We regret, therefore, to learn that an attempt is making to impose upon the public a spurious work, purporting to be a narrative of Stanley's achievements and discoveries. It is a garbled and incomplete story, made up from letters necessarily imperfect and fragmentary. Many most interesting and important details were omitted, which appear in Mr. Stanley's book, and which are necessary to the complete understanding of the great work he has accomplished. To protect the interests of American readers we deem it proper to warn the public against attempts to palm off upon them this garbled and spurious narrative of his explorations. The only genuine and complete account of Stanley's achievements, written by himself and illustrated by his own sketches, is copyrighted and published by Harper & Brothers, by special arrangement with the author; and whoever buys any other will simply waste his money and cheat himself out of a book which the most censorious of English critics pronounce the most charming and fascinating story of travel and adventure produced in modern times.

PERSONAL.

The American bishops are just now having fine times in England—fêted, breakfasted, and dined continuously by the nobility and gentry, and especially by very high dignitaries of the Establishment. At the opening ceremonies Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, of Western New York, preached the sermon at Canterbury when the "Primate of all England" received his brother bishops, and addressed them from his seat in the ancient marble chair of the cathedral. Bishops Littlejohn, Bedell, and Stevens took prominent parts in the services at the anniversary of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In brief, our Yankee bishops are just now the lions of London.

—Among the illustrated articles in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*, none has attracted more attention than the one entitled "Birds and Plumage." Many of the finest examples of foreign plumage there mentioned were described from specimens courteously placed at the author's disposal by Mr. George C. Morris, of this city, who also furnished interesting data respecting the commercial uses and values of the different kinds of plumage.

—Washington's will is kept in a glass case in the office of the Clerk of Fairfax County, Virginia. The writing has nearly faded away, and the paper is so frail that it will not bear handling.

—A writer in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says that only two of our great editors preceded their mothers to the grave, these being Henry J. Raymond and David Hale. Mr. Hale's mother lived in Connecticut, and was a widow for many years. Her husband was an old-fashioned clergyman, and their domestic discipline included the use of the rod even on one who was their only child. The latter often referred to this fact, and gave the following instance: "One day my mother called, 'David! David! David!' I didn't come, and she gave me a whipping." His intercourse, however, with this honored parent was of the most affectionate nature; and six months before his death, when she was in her eighty-sixth year, he wrote thus: "It is a source of inexpressible comfort to me that you have lived long enough to see your once little son become an old gray-headed man. We have had a long journey together on earth, and have been blessed with much enjoyment in each other. But we grow old, and there is no way to renew our youth but to pass into another world, where we may hope to be always vigorous and young."

—In the United States Treasury in this city is one of the most remarkable coin experts in the country, Mr. J. F. Tandy, the coin examiner, who has the remarkable gift of discerning the slightest fraud in specie without being exactly able to tell how it is done. If a counterfeit piece be concealed in a heap of money, he will detect it blindfolded. All that is required is to run his fingers through the mass, and in a few moments every one is tested. This is the result of that remarkable power of touch which is only perfected by long practice.

—George Leonard, aged ninety-eight years and six months, was recently married at Montreal to Thirtice Legault, a spinster of fifty. The groom served under Napoleon in the campaign in Egypt, fought in Canada in 1812, is still hale and vigorous, and declares that he is bound to live twenty years more.

—Mr. John C. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, communicates to the Philadelphia *Times* some interesting reminiscences of his father. In answer to the inquiry, "How did your father obtain the means to attend Columbia College?" he says: "My father was a Scotchman, who had to scratch for a living in the West Indies. I think he may have had a very little money from his mother, who was French. But he had very little from any source. His public employments kept him from earning money by his profession until late in his career. About the year 1809 I went to Washington city with my mother—she to seek a pension or award for her husband's military services. Robert Fulton was in the stage with us, and we were all day getting to Princeton, where we were to sleep. Behind the stage Fulton had a submarine torpedo hitched on, which he was taking to Washington. At Princeton we could get no beds except for my mother, so Fulton and I sat up all night by the tavern fire. I do not remember any thing of the conversation, except that Fulton was a gentleman in mind and manners. Politically, I believe, he had been a Burrite."

—Mr. George H. Boker, who understands thoroughly the Eastern question, having been United States minister to Russia as well as Turkey, expresses the opinion that "Earl Beaconsfield has cheated Russia out of her conquests and Turkey out of her territory." It looks a little in that direction.

—At the recent marriage, in England, of Lord Clanmorris to Miss Ward, an heiress and beauty, the pen which was used for signing the names to the marriage settlement was the identical quill with which the Treaty of Vienna was signed sixty-three years ago. On that occasion Mr. Edward Montagu Ward, the grandfather of the present Lady Clanmorris, acted as private secretary to Lord Castlereagh.

—This is the latest about the Earl of Beaconsfield: At the first dinner of the diplomatists at Berlin, the Marquis of Salisbury, who is a sharp observer, suggested to Prince Bismarck that swallowing cherry stones was very unhealthy. The Prince took offense, and denied the charge that he had swallowed any stones, and the English diplomatist insisted with so much warmth that Beaconsfield was obliged to offer himself as umpire. Bismarck accepted, and the plate which he had been using was placed before Beaconsfield, at his request. Very slowly but calmly the Premier arranged the stones and the stems in military order, and there were two stones wanting. Bismarck extended his hand to Salisbury, and said, "You are right;" and looking toward Beaconsfield, he exclaimed, "My lord, you are a great man."

—Edmund Yates says that with the exception of Dickens, the late Charles Mathews was the "best company" he ever met, and had the keenest sense of the best side of the humorous. There was this difference between them, that while Dickens was very quiet in society, and never "came out" save with his intimates, Mathews revelled in an audience, and could always be depended on for far more than his share of the amusement. He had a wealth of stories of all kinds; but his specialty was his appreciation of the ridiculous side of his own profession, and a power of quaint exaggeration which was irresistibly droll. He was an admirable letter-writer, too, and would send home pages of the neatest manuscript, descriptive of odd phases of life which he had encountered in his travels.

—Joseph William Miller, of Philadelphia, died in that city June 29, aged about sixty years. He was a son of one of Philadelphia's honored merchants, a man of fine literary tastes, and more than ordinary cultivation. He had travelled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and wrote with much spirit and delicacy of what he saw. The readers of *Harper's Magazine* may remember a contribution from his pen descriptive of a tour through Norway, at a time when that country was much less known and visited than now. Mr. Miller was a man of generous impulses, which his large fortune enabled him to gratify—a *bon-vivant* and a bachelor. While confined to his room at his hotel in Venice, under treatment for an attack of his old enemy the gout—the disease to which he finally succumbed—he received the announcement of the death of his old friend, and Philadelphia's famous caterer, Prosser. The latter's mode of preparing terrapin was inimitable, and as the melancholy thought flashed through the brain of the invalid that he was never again to enjoy a dish of it, he gave vent to his feelings in a poem full of wit and pathos, entitled "Prosser's Journey to Heaven; or, the Last of the Terrapin." Mr. Miller's name is familiar to those who have used *Harper's Guide to European Travel*, as the gentleman to whom the book was dedicated by Mr. W. Pembroke Fetridge, the editor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The weather during the week has been frightfully hot, from the far West to the Atlantic States. In St. Louis the thermometer on one day marked 102° in the shade, and 145 persons died from the effects of the heat during the week. In Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri the farmers had to do their harvesting by moonlight.

An eight-oared race between the Cornell and Harvard crews took place on Owasco Lake on the 16th inst. Cornell won by four lengths, in 17 minutes 13¼ seconds.

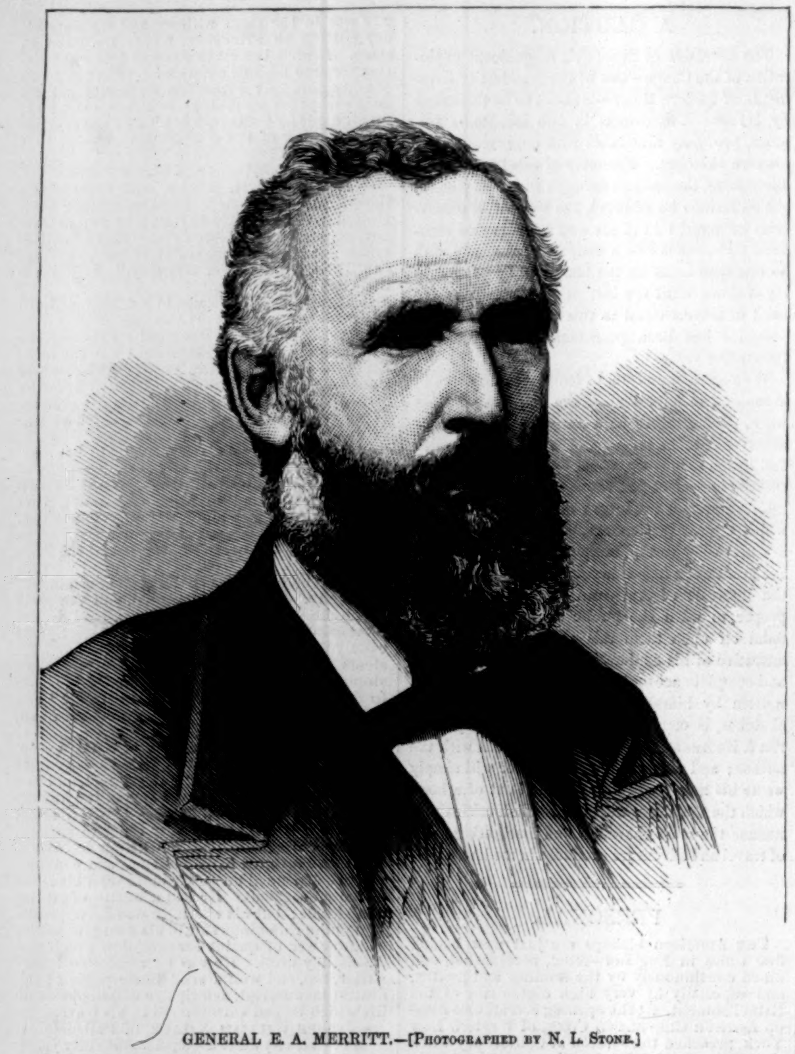
A Baker City dispatch says that the Umatilla Indians under Colonel Forsyth struck a hostile camp, July 17, about two and a half miles from Stark's ranch, on the Daly road. Seventeen hostile warriors were killed, and twenty-five women and children and sixty or seventy head of horses were captured. The hostiles are demoralized, and the captive squaws report that they are breaking up into small bands, with the evident intention of fleeing to Weiser and making their way to the Bannocks of the buffalo country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

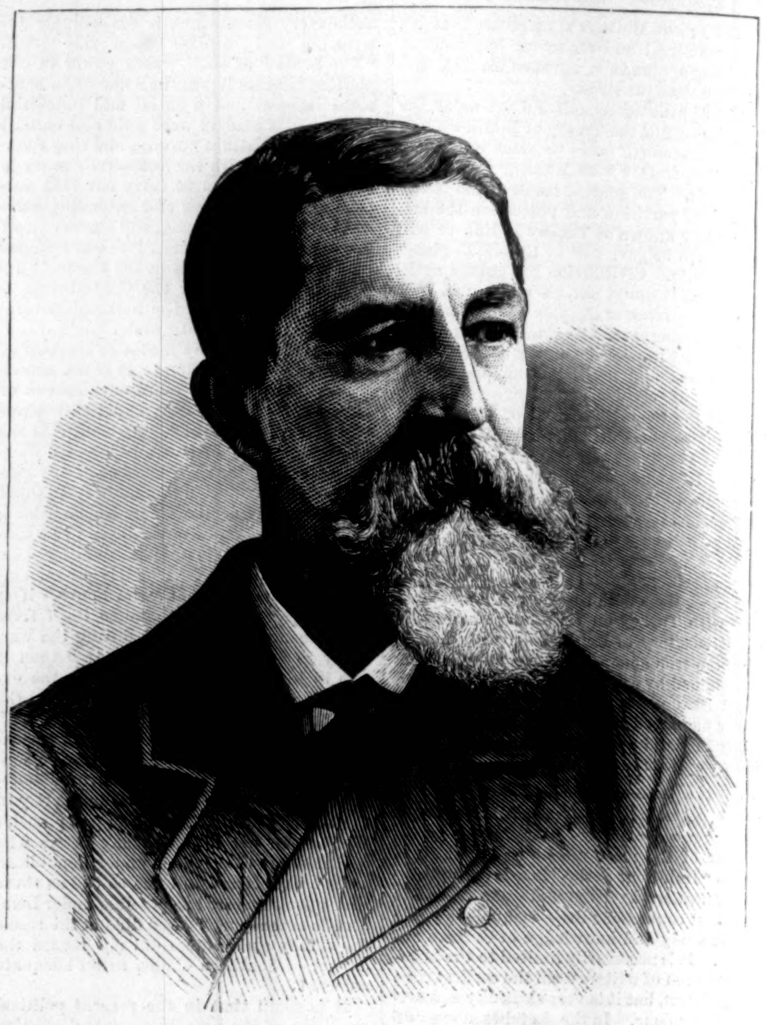
The Eastern Question: The Treaty of Berlin was signed by all the plenipotentiaries July 13, and the next day the text was published. Prince Bismarck, in closing the Congress, declared that it deserved well of Europe. The plenipotentiaries would have the consciousness of having, as far as was possible, restored and assured peace. He entertained a firm hope that the European understanding would remain durable, and that the cordial relations established among the plenipotentiaries would consolidate good relations between their governments.—The Earls of Beaconsfield and Salisbury returned to London July 16, and received a great public welcome. At Dover the pier was crowded with people. On landing, Lord Beaconsfield was presented with an address by the Mayor, congratulating him on his great achievements at the Berlin Congress. The Premier made a brief reply. In London the ministers were greeted by a large assemblage at the railway station, and they passed through an immense crowd to the Foreign Office. Liberal members of Parliament took part in the demonstration. Flags were profusely displayed, and before the Foreign Office the people sang with great earnestness the national anthem. On the 18th, Lord Beaconsfield made his promised speech in the House of Lords, before a brilliant assemblage.

The Irish team won the Elcho Shield, July 18, at Wimbledon.

The Cape Town *Standard*, summing up the result of the war in South Africa which is now ended, says that only a few small parties of the enemy remain, and they will be speedily disposed of. The power of the insurgents as a people has been utterly destroyed.



GENERAL E. A. MERRITT.—[Photographed by N. L. Stone.]

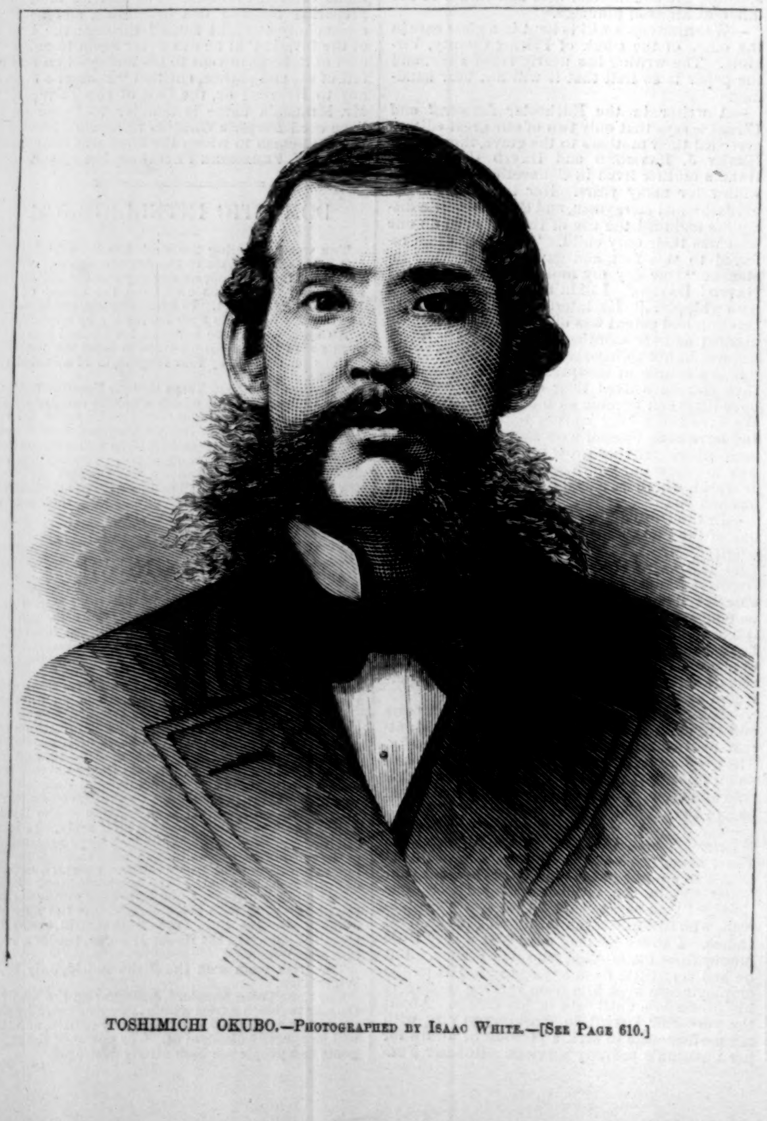


COLONEL S. W. BURT.—[Photographed by Sarony.]

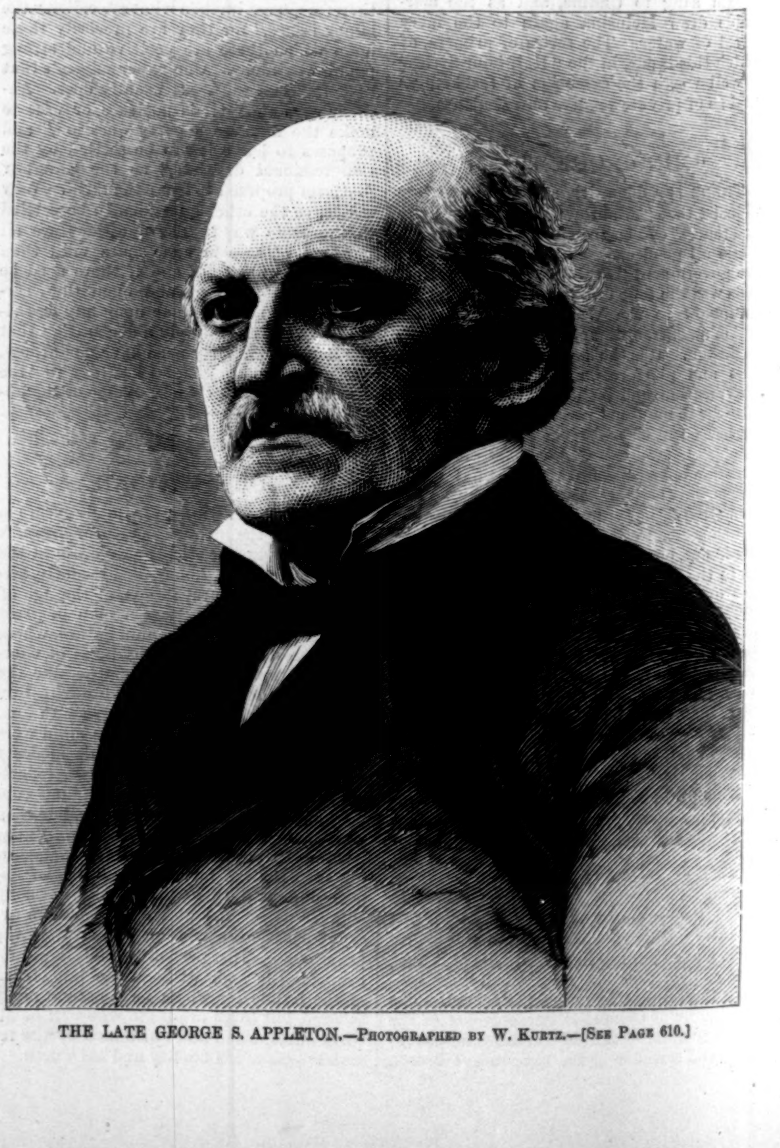
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE CHANGES.

General E. A. Merritt, the recently appointed Collector of this port, is a native of St. Lawrence County, New York, and his first connection with public affairs was as a member and clerk of the Board of Supervisors of that county. In 1860 and 1861 he was the representative of his district in the State Assembly. On the breaking out of the war he was appointed Quartermaster of the Sixtieth Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, from which position he was soon promoted to that of Quartermaster-General of this State. This position he held for four years, and discharged its important duties with marked ability. Under his supervision sinecures were abolished in his department, and the transaction of public business was greatly simplified. Without additional expense to the State, he superintended the Soldiers' Home in this city; and when it was found to be no longer necessary, he discontinued all expenditure, sold the material, and turned the proceeds into the Treasury. His establishment of free agencies for the collection of bounties, back pay, and pensions due returned New York volunteers from the general government was of great value to those veterans, while the cost to the State was barely that of an additional clerk at a modest salary. His administration of the Soldiers' Home at Albany was marked by the same diligence and economy. When General Grant became President he appointed General Merritt Naval Officer at this port. He held the position a short time only, but during that brief period he displayed unusual abilities as an executive officer, and enjoyed a high reputation with the merchants of this city.

Colonel Silas Wright Burt, the new Naval Officer, was born at Albany in 1830. He graduated with honor from Union College, and afterward took a special course in civil engineering. On the breaking out of the war he was appointed Assistant Inspector-General and Auditor of Military Accounts on the staff of Governor E. D. Morgan, and retained the position through the administrations of Governors Seymour and Fenton. In 1869 he was appointed Deputy in the Naval Office, and in 1870 was made Special Deputy. Since that time he has had the practical management of the office as Special Deputy and Auditor. Under the civil service rules established during the administration of President Grant he was chairman of the chief commission appointed in this city. Colonel Burt has always been a strong advocate of intelligence and thoroughness in the civil service of the government.



TOSHIMICHI OKUBO.—Photographed by Isaac White.—[See Page 610.]



THE LATE GEORGE S. APPLETON.—Photographed by W. Kurtz.—[See Page 610.]

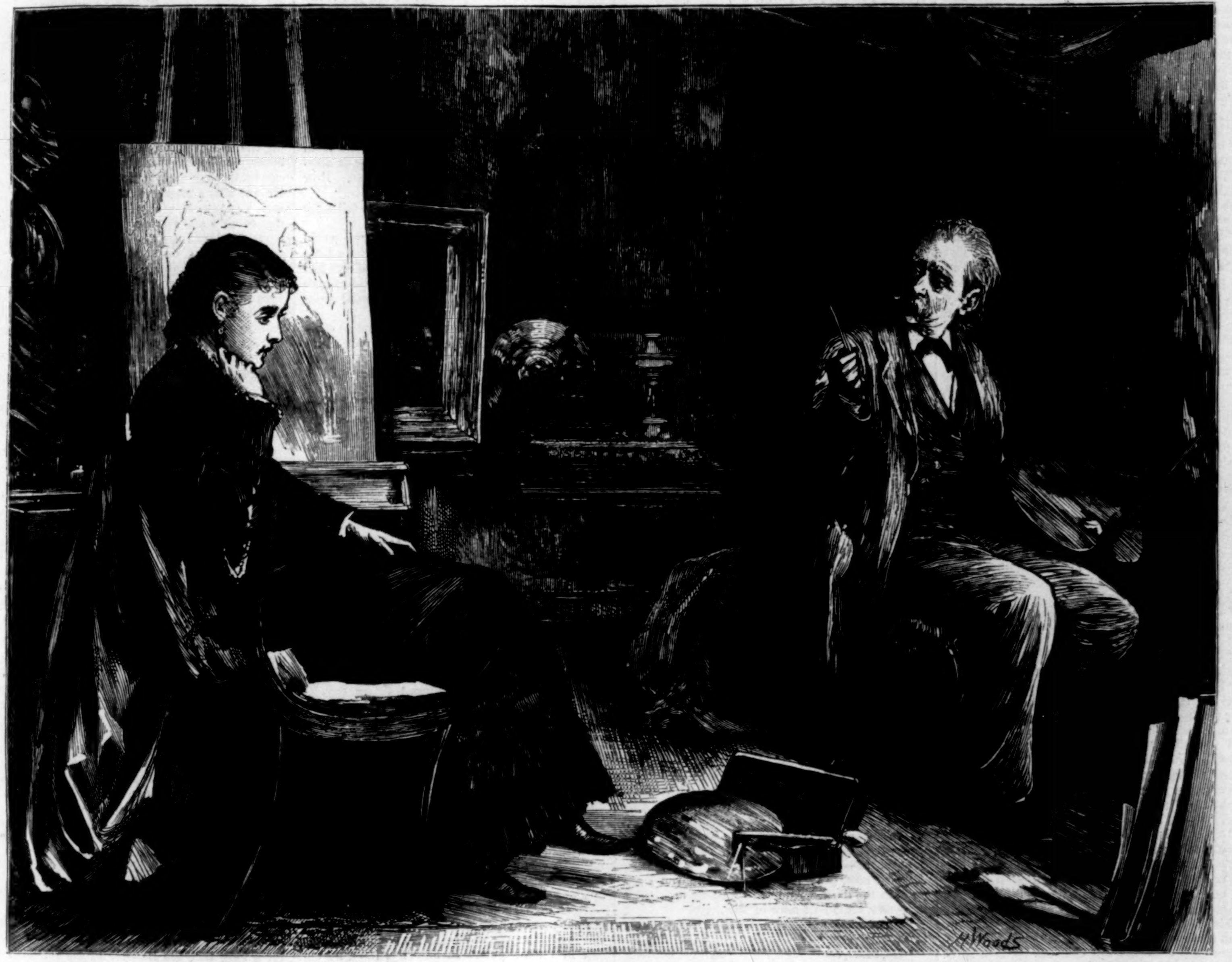
AMONG ALIENS.[*]

BY MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "VERONICA," "ANNE FURNESS," "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNOR SANDRO'S advice was to watch and wait; to lay secret trains for the discovery and exposure of the plot against Lucy's little patrimony (he refused to consider the matter in any other light), and then to spring a mine and blow up the plotters with a theatrical virtue-protected-and-villainy-discovered kind of *dénouement*. He grew brisk and eager, was full of schemes, talked of renewing half-forgotten relations with this person and that person who might prove useful, and, in a word, the old conspirator in him was thoroughly reawakened. He had passed the prime of his early manhood in conspiracy—always from patriotic motives which approved themselves to *his* conscience, at least—and had grown to think conspiracy the proper method of fighting evil things, whether in high places or low places. He could not understand my point of view when I told him that what chiefly pained me was to find that Lucy had begun to withdraw her full confidence from me. As to her becoming a Catholic, that alone did not seem to me so great a misfortune.



"'YOU ARE A FOOL, CATERINA,' SAID HE, SHAKING HIS BRUSH AT ME INDIGNANTLY—'A BLUNDERING FOOL.'"

"Pshaw, Caterina," said Signor Sandro, "you don't know what you are talking about. They'll never rest till they get her money; and the only way to secure it is to make her enter this pet sisterhood of theirs. Don't you know what their grand bazar is really for? To get funds to buy a house and grounds for their nuns. It's illegal, you say? Oh, there are ways of evading the law, never fear. They have plenty of clever heads among them."

"It may be, master, that poor Lucy's little fortune has nothing to do with the zeal of the Princess and her friends. I have no right to say that they are conscienceless in the matter. They may be sincerely anxious to secure Lucy's eternal welfare."

"Why are they not anxious to secure *your* eternal welfare? A soul is a soul, eh? And yet they have not made the slightest effort at converting you."

This was an argument which certainly had some weight. For to answer that I was not so sweet and interesting a person as Lucy would scarcely have been a good reason for the indifference of devout persons as to my conversion from error.

I was silent, and Signor Sandro went on triumphantly, "Ay, ay; you get somebody to leave you fifty thousand lire, and you'll find Monsignor Chiappaforti's interest in the state of your soul will spring up like a mushroom." Then he proceeded to enter into a variety of stratagems for unmasking the real purposes of Monsignor Chiappaforti, and exhibiting him before Lucy's eyes in his true colors. Signor Sandro especially hated Monsignore, and considered him to be the originator of the scheme for Lucy's conversion. The Princess he spoke of far less harshly. She was not a bad woman—a bigot, of course, and under the influence of the priests, but not a hard-hearted woman. I wondered, as I listened to him, whether any remembrance of the Princess Olympia's youthful beauty, thirty years ago, availed to soften my old master's judgment of her. If it were so, I am sure he did not know it. But I had my suspicions that the Princess's splendid eyes, and rich black tresses, and Juno-like figure—"the true Roman type!" Signor Sandro would exclaim enthusiastically, "the true Roman type!"—were somehow accounted to her for righteousness.

After my first talk with my old friend on the subject, I lay awake for hours, as I have said, revolving painful thoughts. But the night brought counsel, and when I went to the studio early next morning, I was resolved how to act. I would speak out plainly and straightforwardly to Lucy, and to the Princess, and to Monsignore himself, if I had the chance. Plots and counterplots should be thrown to the winds; and if there was to be war, I at least would not carry it on in ambuscade.

My firmness was put to the test instantly, for Signor Sandro scouted the idea of this course of action, and opposed it vehemently. "You are a fool, Caterina," said he, shaking his brush at me indignantly—"a blundering fool!"

"Thanks, master."

"Thanks, master!" he exclaimed, trying to mimic my quiet tone in one of lively irritation. "I say that if you go on as you say, you'll lose your sister altogether. You don't know these people—I do."

"But I know my sister."

"Ta, ta, ta! A little white mouse. What do you think she can do against such a wily old fox as Giacomo Chiappaforti? I tell you, you must match cunning with cunning."

"I can't do it, master."

"You? No. You're as blunt as a barbarian. But let me do it for you."

"No, master, I must do what I think right."

"You think? Isn't it enough to raise the bile of a stone to hear her talk?" cried Signor Sandro. And he gradually worked himself up into such a violent passion that he fairly danced about the studio, inveighing against my obstinacy and stupidity, and knocking over the mannikin on which I had carefully arranged some crimson drapery the day before. I let him work off his fiery temper a little in these performances, and then I said: "Listen, master. I know you are full of kind interest in me and Lucy. I am not ungrateful—"

"Oh no! Ungrateful? What an idea! Only you are as obstinate as a mule, and intend to take your own way—gratefully."

"Please to hear me. I have heard you. I don't believe in lies; be the intention what it may, good or bad, wise or foolish, I have no faith in the power of lies to help any one. Your own proverb says, 'A lie hath short legs.'"

Signor Sandro sat down at his easel with his back to me and pretended to be absorbed in painting a bit of background. I went on, nothing daunted:

"Now if I pretend not to see what is going on with Lucy and these people at the Palazzo Corleoni, I shall be lying to all intents and purposes. I have lied in that way already by holding my tongue about—"

I paused, and I saw Signor Sandro's head turn a very little in a listening attitude. "Well," said I, "I can not explain to you what the matter was, but I had a suspicion, and I smothered it up, and waited and watched, on your plan, and no good has come of it. I dare say a frank word would have set all right. Any way I have thought about the matter to the best of my ability, and I have made up my mind to be absolutely sincere. We despise wiles and tricks and crooked ways; don't let us follow them! I never heard of but one way to shame the devil, and that is to tell the truth."

The background on which Signor Sandro was at work was assuming a very extraordinary appearance. I knew that his attention was wholly given to my words, although he still feigned to be painting in a rapt absorption. I went close up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. "Come, master," said I, "forgive my plain-speaking. I'm a blunt barbarian, as you say, but don't hate me for that."

For an instant he remained still, stiff, and mute. Then all on a sudden he put up one hand to touch mine which lay on his shoulder, and took a noisy pinch of snuff with the other. "Hate you, Caterina?" he said, with a little break in his voice. "No. You *are* a fool—remember I said so—but I don't hate you for it. I don't know—I don't know but I almost like you the better for it; but that's because I'm a fool too."

Dear, kind, noble-hearted, irascible old master! All the prejudices of early education, and the unfortunate influences of a youth imbittered by secret struggles against injustice, could not stifle the natural loyalty and affection of his character.

That afternoon I spoke to Lucy plainly. I told her that I fancied she was inclined to be attracted by the Roman Catholic religion, and that on that subject I should not then argue with her; but that it hurt me to think she should conceal her mind from me. And I begged her to return to her old frank confidence, promising on my side to be equally unreserved with her. She looked greatly startled at first—almost scared. And then, with a gush of tears, she threw her arms round my neck, exclaiming, "Oh, Catherine, I am so glad to be able to speak to you! I wanted to tell you long ago."

"And why," said I, quickly, "did you not?"

She was silent, hiding her tear-stained face on my shoulder. In vain I repeated my question, coaxing and begging her to reply. Then I spoke more severely, asking if that were a specimen of the confidence she had seemed so glad to give me. Upon this she raised her head, and there was a look of perplexity and distress on her innocent young face which pained me greatly.

"Catherine," she said, "a promise is sacred. Do not press me with questions I can not answer. I am bound by a promise. You would not wish me to break my word?"

"No," said I. (But I am almost afraid that I did wish it.) "Only, my dear Lucy, make no more such promises, I implore you!"

We talked a long while after that. Lucy seemed in truth overjoyed to be able to speak of her religious feelings to me. They were pure feelings: innocent, devout, and loving. There was not a trace of guile, or affected piety, or exaggeration about any thing she said. Despite my old master's hatred and mistrust of Monsignor Chiappaforti, Signor Sandro himself would have been obliged to confess that the reverend prelate's teachings had not, at least as yet, tainted the ingenuousness of my Lucy's nature. And throughout all she said, there was not a hint at any such purpose of securing her little dowry for the sisterhood, as Signor Sandro suspected. Just before we parted for the night, I took her pretty head between my hands, and, stroking down the wavy, bright brown locks, I said, "But, little Lucy, they must not make a nun of you, and cut off all this curly wig I am so fond of."

She laughed like a child. "Make a nun of *me*, Catherine! Oh, my dear, you little know how far short I fall of the standard of goodness needed for that holy life! Besides, I don't think such an idea has entered any one's head."

I at once and unreservedly believed that it had not entered *her* head, at all events. My heart was greatly lightened when I lay down in my bed that night; and I was more than ever resolved to carry out that best of all policies, honesty, in all my future dealings. I did not desire, truly, that Lucy should become a Roman Catholic. But that idea did not inspire me with any pious horror. What had seemed terrible to me was the thought that Lucy would be weaned from her old confiding love for me. I was her only friend and guardian. Our brother was in another hemisphere, and

---

[*] Copyright, 1878, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

we two alone in a foreign country; and all our strength and comfort and safeguard lay in our mutual trust and affection. To have that undermined would be almost as great a misfortune for us both as I could well imagine. But it had not been undermined, and it should not be. My mind was more serene and untroubled than it had been since the first day of my entering the Palazzo Corleoni.

CHAPTER VI.

In the course of the past year Lucy and I had paid a short visit to Tivoli, and had been so enchanted with the place that we both greatly desired to spend a longer time there, and explore the surrounding country. We had made a plan—after due examination of our budget, and discussion of ways and means—to go to Tivoli again early in the spring and stay there at least three weeks. I was to make the jaunt pay for itself in some measure, by working at a picture which had been haunting my fancy for some time; and Lucy had looked forward with eagerness to the holiday and change of scene.

For some weeks past neither of us had mentioned the subject, but now I had a strong additional motive, besides the expected pleasure of our trip, for wishing to go away from Rome for a time, and to make a break in the habit of almost daily intercourse with the Corleonis, which I knew had strongly helped to bring Lucy's flexible nature under the Princess's influence. I proposed to my sister to make our trip to Tivoli immediately after the completion of my work for Donna Laura. I should have finished what I had undertaken to do by the end of that same week. Why should we not set off at once?

"So soon, Catherine?" said Lucy, doubtfully.

"Why not? Next Saturday will be the last day but one of March. It is a lovely time for the country."

"Will it not be cold there?"

"I think not. You know we were there last year quite at the beginning of April, and the weather was delightful."

"It seems rather sudden. Why are you in such haste to go, Catherine?"

"I might answer that I want to get to work on my picture, that the aspect of the landscape at this season is precisely what I require for my background, and that I feel the change of scene would be good for my health. All these answers would be true in themselves, but yet they would not give you my strongest motive for wishing to go away at once. I shall tell you the whole truth, Lucy; I especially desire to take you for a time out of reach of the Princess and Monsignor Chiappaforti and their circle. If their teachings are worth any thing, they will stand the test of a fortnight's peaceful and unbiassed meditation. It shall be unbiassed so far as I am concerned, for I give you my word not to enter into the discussion of any religious subjects whatever while we are away."

Nothing more was said at that time. The next morning we were both employed at the Palazzo Corleoni, and in the afternoon Lucy timidly said to me that she did not think she should be able to go to Tivoli so soon as I wished.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I do not think I shall be able to get a holiday from my lessons to Francesca and Livia."

"*I* will see to that."

"The Princess is very unwilling that their English studies should be interrupted."

"I suppose that events sometimes happen in spite of the Princess's unwillingness. I wish very much—*very* much—that you should go with me to Tivoli at the end of March. I have honestly told you all my reasons for wishing you to go. Whether the Princess has with equal honesty stated all her reasons for wishing you to stay, I don't know. But I think you will not refuse to please me, Lucy. I have not often asked you to sacrifice your wishes to mine."

"My own dear Catherine, I would do any thing I could to please you, indeed, indeed. I *will* go, Catty. I will go—if I may."

I had an uneasy suspicion that this "if I may" did not refer solely to the Princess's consent that Francesca and Livia should have a fortnight's holiday from their English lessons. Had matters gone so far that Lucy was in subjection to Monsignor Chiappaforti's will as to her going or staying? I was resolved to keep the straightforward path I had marked for myself, and after a minute's reflection I told Lucy that I should take an early opportunity of speaking to Monsignore himself on the subject.

"Shall you, Catherine?" she said, looking at me with wide-open eyes, and an air half of alarm, half of admiration at my boldness. But she made no attempt to dissuade me.

It was very well to talk of taking an early opportunity of speaking to Monsignore, but how was I to get at him? I was not acquainted with his haunts and his habits. And nothing would be easier than for the Princess Corleoni to prevent me from meeting him in her house, if she were so minded. It came into my head that Donna Laura might help me; and the inspiration proved to be a good one, for she at once said that she believed Monsignore came to the Palazzo every afternoon, about three o'clock, on business connected with the bazar, and that if I wished to speak with him, she would let him know it, and ask him to receive me. No sooner said than done. She walked straight into her mother's boudoir, and returned in a few minutes, saying that Monsignore was alone, and would be happy to see me.

I found him seated at the Princess's writing-table with a bundle of letters before him, and several packets of tickets. There were also some printed circulars respecting the great bazar, setting forth its object, and giving a list of the ladies who had consented to patronize it and hold stalls. The reverend gentleman had apparently been correcting these forms for the printer, for the one which lay before him had several marks on the margin of it.

"Good-morning, good-morning, Signorina," said he, with a very gracious bow and pleasant smile. "Here I am busy at the 'great work,' you see. Upon my word, I shall be glad when this affair is over. You have no idea of the amount of my time it has occupied. Let us hope that we shall do some good by it, after all. I am in good hopes for the result. Our ladies have been exemplary—exemplary in their zeal. And I'm sure we have to thank *you* immensely for— Will you not take a seat?"

He was very easy, very smiling, very loquacious. He looked at me with an unconscious, genial air, as if he had not a project in the world deeper than the selling of many tickets for the charitable Fancy Fair, nor a suspicion that I could have any thing disagreeable to say to him.

"Monsignore," said I, "I know you are always busy, and I should not have intruded on your time—"

"No intrusion, Signorina," he interrupted, with a bow and the most beaming of smiles.

"Well, I mean that I should not have asked to speak with you except from a strong and serious motive. And now you have been so kind as to give me the opportunity of doing so, I will try to spare your time and my own by being brief and speaking to the point, without compliments."

"Admirable!" he murmured, almost as if he were speaking to himself. "Ah, my dear young lady, I wish more of your amiable sex had your good sense and consideration. I have had a long and extensive experience of the female character—a beautiful character, full of qualities which command our tenderness and respect—but I must own that the feminine intellect, so far as my observation goes, has a tendency to be discursive. Want of concentration, eh?" And Monsignore laughed his child-like laugh, as if he were heartily amused, although, in truth, I could see nothing specially humorous in what he had said.

"Monsignore, you have acquired a great influence over my sister Lucy. You want to convert her to Roman Catholicism. I want her not to be converted. But I am no bigot, and I do not pretend to say that I should break my heart if she were received into your Church to-morrow."

Monsignore had leaned back in his chair when I began to speak, and with his hands calmly folded on the table before him, and his eyes cast down, nodded gently at each sentence, as who should say, "I am giving you all my attention." I thought the last clause somewhat surprised him, however, although the expression of surprise which passed over his features—if indeed I had rightly read it as such—was but momentary.

"That," said he, very softly, "is a weakness inherent in heresy, which you, my dear young lady, have the noble candor to acknowledge, but to which many Protestants are blind. Once cast yourself loose from the anchor of infallible authority, and you drift about in endless uncertainty. It must ever be with very different feelings from those which you own to, that a Catholic could behold one he loved leaving the true Church for any other."

"Monsignore, I have taken to heart your words about the discursiveness of the female intellect, and I mean to stick to the point."

"*Brava!*" he murmured, very blandly. But the quick glance he shot at me was scarcely so bland.

"The point is this: I wish my sister Lucy to accompany me on a short visit to Tivoli, at the end of this month; she has expressed her willingness to do so, 'if she may;' and I, surmising her consent to be contingent on yours, have come to ask whether you mean to oppose her going, and if so, why."

"Really, my dear young lady, you surprise me! Why should you suppose that *I* wish to oppose your sister's going to Tivoli? Now, *why?* Pray tell me! I am quite curious to know." And again Monsignore laughed very sweetly.

"It is scarcely worth while, Monsignore, to waste your time in giving all the reasons which induced me—"

"And now, pray tell me. I assure you I am quite in the dark. And as to wasting my time, I have now some half hour of leisure."

"But I have not, Monsignore. I must return to Donna Laura."

"Oh, come, come, Signorina! you must not balk my curiosity. Donna Laura is not such a tyrant. Besides, I will give you plenary absolution for robbing her of a few minutes, ha! ha! ha!"

I found there was no hope of inducing him to answer my question until I had first answered his. So, as briefly and directly as I could, I told him that I had gathered from Lucy's manner that some one who strongly influenced her opposed her going to Tivoli; that I did not believe this person to be the Princess, or at least I did not believe the Princess to be acting without superior orders in the matter; and that I had guessed the real opponent to be Monsignor Chiappaforti, and his object to be that of preventing the impression he had made on my sister's mind from being weakened by a fortnight's absence, and by the influence of a heretical sister to whom she was attached.

"Upon my word, Signorina, you are more frank than flattering! You are making me out a sort of Macchiavelli—as you English understand Macchiavelli. Now I should have thought, Miss Wilson, that your strength of mind would have been superior to the vulgar prejudices in vogue among some of your countrymen. You have been thinking of me as a sort of bugbear—the type of the 'Jesuit priest' whom your evangelical clergymen discourse about in Exeter Hall. You surprise me—you surprise me very much."

I believed that I had surprised him. But I did not believe that it was my opinion of himself which surprised him, nor even my bluntness in expressing it. There was evidently something else which puzzled him. And all the while he was talking about Macchiavelli and Jesuits, I felt convinced that he attached no importance to what he was saying, but had his mind full of some other thought.

"Well, now, Monsignore, I have answered your question; will you answer mine? Do you mean to persuade Lucy not to go to Tivoli?"

"Tut! tut! *I* persuade her! Suppose, however, I were to say 'yes.' What then?"

"Then I should be frightened; because I should take it as a proof that you were resolved to separate Lucy from me to the utmost of your power."

"You frightened! The strong-minded Miss Wilson frightened! You are pleased to laugh at me, my dear young lady."

"I am far enough from laughing, Monsignore. I should be frightened. And if I were thoroughly frightened, I should run away."

I had certainly surprised him now, at any rate. There was no affectation in the tone of astonishment with which he re-echoed my words. "Run away?" he exclaimed, staring at me.

"Run away. I should run away to England. I should give up every thing here—my lessons, my career, my studies, all that I love in Rome—and I should go home without hesitation, *taking Lucy with me.*"

Monsignore rose from his chair and came toward me with an amiable and sympathizing expression of countenance. "My dear child," he said, "do not distress yourself. I see you really are in earnest." (I was then neither more nor less in earnest than I had been from the beginning of our interview.) "I honor your affection for your sister, and your almost maternal care of her. Lucia has told me how you have devoted yourself to her. You can not seriously suppose that I wish to divide you from your sister. No, no; rather would it be my fervent desire to bring you with her into the safe fold. But I tell you at once that I have never dissuaded Lucia from accompanying you to Tivoli. Her going or staying does not in the least depend upon me. How should it?"

"Will you give me your authority to tell Lucy that you do not oppose her going?"

"Certainly! Freely, gladly! I believe it would be a very good thing for her. She looks a little thin and pale, don't you think so? If she had asked my advice on the subject, I should at once have said, 'Go!' But she never said a word about it to me."

"If you had been so kind as to tell me so sooner, Monsignore, I might have spared you much useless talking."

"Don't think of that—don't think of that. The truth is, I could hardly, at first, believe you serious in your little attack on me. I'm not a Macchiavelli, nor a Jesuit after the model of Exeter Hall. Well, well, you will learn to know me better one day. Meanwhile I admire your candor, I assure you. And don't distress yourself, my dear child, about being separated from your sister. We are not monsters, we poor priests, in spite of Exeter Hall, ha! ha! ha!"

I hurried away as quickly as I could, and went straight to the school-room to give Lucy the news. I did not believe Chiappaforti's statement, that he had never opposed her visit to Tivoli. But at least he had distinctly consented to it now, and that was the chief thing with me. I burst into the school-room unceremoniously. Lucy looked up, startled to see me at that unaccustomed hour. But she was not more startled than I was when I saw Don Vittorio Corleoni seated beside her at the school table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE S. APPLETON.

On page 608 our readers will find the portrait of the late George S. Appleton, the well-known publisher, who died at Riverdale on the 7th of July. Mr. Appleton was the third son of Mr. Daniel Appleton, the founder of the firm of which the deceased was a member, and was born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 11, 1821. His father gave him liberal opportunities for mental culture, and by the time he was twenty-one years of age he had become familiar with the French, German, and Italian languages, and had passed several years abroad in study and travel. On returning to this country he began his business career in Philadelphia. In January, 1865, he entered the firm of D. Appleton & Co., and remained a member of it till his death.

Mr. Appleton was a man of liberal culture, broad views, and great sagacity in business affairs. Among friends he was social and genial, but was apt to be reserved, and, in a measure, restrained, in the presence of strangers. Although he was not fond of general society, he was hospitable in his home, and few hosts knew or practiced better the graces and courtesies of social entertainment. He would tell a story with fine effect, and often kept a tableful of guests in constant merriment. Yet he was subject at times to strange moods of depression, from which it was not easy to arouse him. His chief delight when free from business was in his home and in the family circle. As a business man, he was devoted to his work, and took a singular pleasure in attending to the details of the operations of the firm. He was passionately fond of art, and gave special attention to the improvement of engraving. It was at his suggestion that the publication of the *Art Journal* and *Picturesque America* was undertaken, and while he was in Philadelphia the juvenile books published under his supervision were notable for the beauty of their illustrations.

Mr. Appleton was in the highest and best sense a religious man, sincere in his convictions, without a trace of ostentation or parade. He never took an active part in political affairs, but performed the duties incumbent on a private citizen with scrupulous care. Retiring, modest, and unobtrusive, he was a very useful member of society, and he leaves behind him the name of a good citizen, whose life was spent in the conscientious performance of duty, and who did much to advance culture and intelligence in the community.

TOSHIMICHI OKUBO.

By this name did the Japanese Empire recognize its most distinguished statesman and patriot, whose death by assassination took place in Jeddo on the 14th day of May, and whose portrait is given on page 608. He was assaulted in the street while on his way to the Imperial Council by six conspirators, and before assistance could be rendered was cruelly killed. The ruffians, who were from two different provinces, were immediately arrested, and the cause of their hostility is still unknown.

Okubo was born on the island of Kiusu, province of Satsuma, in 1829. He belonged to the higher class of Retainers—a term which, in Japan, is allied to that of knighthood in Europe. He was highly educated, and while yet a young man participated in the public affairs of his native province, and early became interested in the welfare of the whole empire. He joined a small but most patriotic body of young men who, about twenty years ago, began to grow restless under the old order of affairs; and when, in 1868, the questions arose as to the immediate restoration to power of the Emperor, and of opening the port of Kobe to foreigners according to treaty, Okubo was one of the first to advocate the preservation of the national dignity.

In the hostilities which followed the abdication of the Tycoon, Okubo participated with great zeal and energy in the affairs of the nation. He was forthwith appointed an Imperial Councillor, and served as such from 1868 until 1871, bearing the title of Iusammi, or Third Order. In the latter year he was made Minister of Finance, and carried through many important financial reforms. He was also a member, with Iwakura, Kido, Ito, and Yamagutsi, of the embassy which visited this country and Europe in 1872. On his return home he found the empire half committed to a war with Corea, on account of the repeated insults to Japan perpetrated by that kingdom for several years; but as there were, in his opinion, various other questions on hand of greater public magnitude, he opposed the warlike measures and caused a change of policy. It was in regard to this question, as will be remembered, that there was a decided "split" in the cabinet, when the war party all resigned. When the proper time arrived, however, Okubo turned his attention to Corea, and his efforts, aided by General Kuroda, resulted in a treaty of commerce and friendship between that country and Japan.

About the middle of 1874 there was an insurrection in the province of Hizen, headed by one of the war party already mentioned, and, taking a detachment of the army, he succeeded in promptly restoring tranquillity by his sagacity and firmness. Again, when the Formosa question became threatening, he took upon himself the task and responsibility of carrying out the wishes of the government and people, and while his friend Okuma looked after the military operations, he went as a special ambassador to China to negotiate for a peaceful settlement of the disputed questions, in which he was entirely successful. At the time of his departure one of the Jeddo papers remarked: "Okubo is the man to whom the country looks to steer it clear of threatened dangers; but there is a predominant feeling that it is better to fight China than to yield in the smallest degree to menace." How by his wisdom, lofty bearing, and boldness he succeeded in securing a most honorable peace with China has passed into history. On his return to Jeddo he was received by the people with the very highest honors, and for a whole week festivities were held in all parts of the empire.

During the late rebellion in his native province of Satsuma his influence was paramount. The fact that General Saigo, the leader of the rebellion, had long been his warm personal friend, made no difference in his course of conduct as a true patriot, and all his energies were devoted to the cause of his country.

His chief position in the imperial government was that of Councillor of State, and he was also for a long time the Minister of the Interior Department; and to the affairs of the latter he was especially devoted at the time of his death.

With regard to his personal characteristics, they were in keeping with his high position as a patriot and a statesman. He was no linguist, but was a profound scholar in the history of nations. On the subject of modern progress he occupied a foremost position. It was through his influence that about twenty young men were sent to England and America by the Prince of Satsuma to be educated, several of whom have already attained highly honorable and useful positions. He also had two of his own sons educated in this country. He always took a special interest in the educational, commercial, and agricultural affairs of his country; was eminently popular with the people and the governors of the kens; unostentatious in his style of living, but dignified and circumspect; kind and charitable toward all who were needy and deserving; will always be remembered as a great statesman and a firm and wise patriot; and his name will ever be associated with the honor and welfare of the Empire of Japan.

It should also be stated that Okubo was a prime mover in all the Japanese matters connected with our Centennial Exhibition; but while he held the position of President of the Commission, his public duties at home prevented him from visiting Philadelphia, and his duties in that capacity were performed by the Vice-President, General Saigo, the younger, who has recently been appointed minister to Italy.

Since writing the above the news has reached us by cable that Governor Ito (who was one of the embassy to this country) has been appointed to fill the most difficult position, at the head of the Interior Department, vacated by the death of Okubo. Those who are competent to give an opinion inform us that this is a most appropriate selection, as the Governor is a man of marked ability, and has for many years been an earnest co-worker and supporter of the deceased.

THE SEPOY.

The singular prominence recently given to the influence of British India in European politics, the appearance of the Sepoy in the Mediterranean fortresses, the extravagant enthusiasm for their Eastern possessions shown by the British people or their representatives in Parliament, are among the marked peculiarities of the time. The war policy is, or was, every where received with shouts of applause in England. The question of the hour is no longer whether Germany shall be united, France free or monarchical, the papal power restored, Bulgaria avenged, but whether English armies may pass freely from Gibraltar to Madras, and the mercenary forces of India find an easy way to Europe. The Mediterranean is to be made an English highway, and over its quiet waters the Sepoy and his officers are to pass freely and unrestrained. Upon this the English ministry insist. They are resolved to vindicate against Russia and all the world their right of way to their Eastern provinces, and in support of their claims they point to the vast storehouse of mercenary soldiers that lies open to them in the East, and prove how easily they may be transferred by rail and water to London or Gibraltar. Yet it is somewhat startling to find the chief of commercial and civilized races relying for its military strength not on the valor and numbers of its own people, but on the black squadrons of Hindostan. One is at once reminded of Carthage, the country to which the acute and angry French were once in the habit of likening "perfidious Albion," before they were reconciled to their neighbor. The parallel is singularly close between the commercial mistress of antiquity and its modern rival. Carthage filled up its armies with dusky Numidians and subject Africans; they became its best soldiers; under Hamilcar and Hannibal they were almost the conquerors of the world. The Sepoy, well officered, might perhaps vie with their fame; the black squadrons may contend successfully with the less active European. Yet the history of the Sepoys does not tend to convey perfect confidence in their fidelity, or even their valor, and a shade of doubt must always rest upon the stability of an empire so extensive or so divided by distances as to be forced to commit its safety to the care of hired and perhaps disloyal soldiers.

The Sepoys, in fact, are only held in check by the large infusion of Europeans. Of the Indian army of 190,108 men, 64,985 are white. One-third at least of the whole force must be European in order to secure the loyalty of the rest; and the memory of the fearful outbreak of 1857 has never ceased to throw a shade of doubt and fear upon the employment of India's dusky legions. Cawnpore, Lucknow, Delhi, still haunt the fancy of the boldest Indian politicians. Like the revolt of the mercenaries under the walls of Carthage, one of the horrible pictures of the past, the rising of the Sepoys was attended by such dreadful circumstances as modern warfare can seldom parallel. At Lucknow the scanty garrison of 200 men, a few brave officers, and a feeble throng of more than 500 women and children, endured for more than eleven weeks the horrors of the siege. The whole vast city, rich, powerful, was in revolt. The English were shut up in the Residency—a small inclosure imperfectly fortified by rude earth-works, barriers, and the walls of its buildings; 50,000 enraged Sepoys surrounded them on every side. The balls, bombs, mines of the enemy, night and day startled or destroyed the weak garrison, and kept them from a moment's rest. Every part of the inclosure was exposed to the hostile force. The buildings crumbled away; no shelter was left. English women and children were torn to pieces by the shot and shell, and, crowded together in cellars or dangerous retreats, perished often of cholera, famine, despair. The heat was extreme; the water tainted and impure. Fearful odors filled the small inclosure. Fever, wounds, incessant fatigue, carried off the brave garrison. The promised relief failed to come. No one spoke of surrender to the monsters by whom they were beset. And on the last day of the siege it seemed as if one of the tragic events of antiquity must be repeated in modern days, and the hapless English fall by each other's swords. Already it was known that the Sepoys had succeeded in mining the inclosure, that within a few hours the match might be applied, and the walls that had so long sheltered them, with too many of their defenders, crumble in the shock. Such moments of agony, of expectation, of terrible despair, fall not to the lot of many men or women. But, when hope had fled, the beleaguered English heard suddenly a fire of musketry in the crowded streets of Lucknow, a sharp contest, a fierce encounter, and with unrivalled energy a band of English soldiers forced their way to the tottering intrenchment. "Never shall I forget the moment, to the latest day I live," wrote a lady who formed one of the trembling company; "the state of joyful confusion and excitement was beyond all description. The big rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them, the tears rolling down their cheeks."

It has long been the opinion of a small but intelligent party in England, of whom Mr. Bright is one, that the possession of India is, at least, not worth fighting for, that it must always prove a lasting source of weakness to the ruling country, and the cost of protecting it exceed the value of all its commercial returns. In a moral point of view it would seem still more undesirable. The effort of a free country to practice despotism in its possessions, to hold in subjection two hundred millions of a perhaps inferior race, is dangerous in the highest degree. In India young Englishmen are taught all the arts and all the impulses of despotism. They are surrounded by millions of flatterers; they are the masters of all they see; a few English govern immense Hindoo cities, and no Rajah at Benares was ever more imperious or unquestioned in his sway than are the officials sent from London to rule over Orissa or Oude. In the midst of cringing slaves they live like Oriental princes; in the poorest country in the world their salaries are immense, the revenue of kings. The Governor-General has $150,000 a year; the governor of a province a less but proportionate salary. The impoverished land is made to pay dearly for the government imposed upon it by the Europeans. Its cottages are racked to swell the profits of European statesmen, and its people feel the pains of a foreign rule. Yet it is upon the soldiers taken from this oppressed people, the generals nurtured in this unwholesome political atmosphere, the commerce of the East, that England relies for its future advance, and has burdened itself with the control and the defense of Asiatic Turkey to open a new line of communication with the passes of the Himalayas.

Twenty years have passed since Sepoys were blown from the mouths of English guns; since a terrible and perhaps necessary retribution was imposed upon the savage Hindoos; since Lucknow and Delhi were shattered into ruin; since the whole population and the whole native army of the north showed their hatred of the English rule. No similar outbreak has happened. The patient people submit, but not altogether in silence. It is said that the native papers teem with treasonable or hostile articles, and show that the foreign domination is no more acceptable now than it was when Delhi revolted. Nor can any intelligent or careful thinker look upon this complete sacrifice of all English impulses and interests to the preservation of India without regret. It is not in the dim, the unprogressive, the despotic East, that Englishmen will learn wisdom, a love of freedom, of knowledge. It is not as the imperious rulers of servile Asiatics that the descendants of Hampden and Sidney will repeat the lesson their fathers taught. The death of all liberal progress at home may follow the rise of the Asiatic empire and the practice of Asiatic arts. The employment of a mercenary soldiery is the first fruits of the Oriental tendency; the dark, treacherous, inconstant Sepoy—the symbol of an oppressed race—may revive the revolt of 1857 when the vigor of his masters is gone. England, if it would live and advance, should rather turn its eyes to its free colonies—Australia, Canada, the Cape—and share their liberal progress. In the East it can find only moral decay and death; in the free air of the West it may renew its youth perpetually.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The natural history department of the Illinois State Laboratory, in the second number of its Bulletin, just published, gives much promise of being an important addition to the scientific institutions of the country, as many of the papers on natural history are of much importance. Among these is a list of the Aphides, of the mosses, lichens, etc., of Illinois, and a catalogue of the fishes of the State, all by competent authors.

A small fish occurring in Brazil, known technically as *Callichthys asper*, presents a remarkable deviation from the ordinary mode of respiration in fishes, by which it can live for a considerable length of time out of the water. According to the observations of Jobert, this fish, while provided with gills, as is usual in fishes, takes in air by coming to the surface, the oxygen of which is absorbed by the walls of the alimentary canal, the carbonic acid secreted in the usual manner, which is discharged through the anus with the remaining nitrogen. This supplementary mode of respiration corresponds quite closely to the lung-breathing of the land vertebrates, although it is effected by the alimentary canal instead of the lungs.

Considerable interest has lately been extended to the subject of the preservation of plaster casts as works of art or ornament, the Prussian government having offered a large reward for a satisfactory method. Among the many responses to the call of the government a preliminary treatment with barytes seems to promise the best results. For this purpose, after the cast is perfectly dry, it is to be immersed for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of barytes, and carefully washed with cold water, so that the adherent barytes may be entirely removed. It is next to be dried for three or four days at the ordinary temperature, then immersed for about half an hour in a hot solution of one part of common soap in fifteen or twenty parts of water, and finally well washed with pure water and dried.

The geographical journals announce the discovery by Captain Caller of three islands on the northwest coast of Australia. These are of moderate size, and only thirty feet above the level of the sea; they are covered with a thick deposit of guano, containing an unusual amount of ammonia and phosphates. It is likely that this discovery will prove of much importance in the future of Australian agriculture.

An act has just been passed by Congress providing that "all works of art, collections in illustration of the progress of the arts, sciences, or manufactures, photographs, works in terra cotta, Parian, pottery or porcelain, and artistic copies of antiques in metal or other material, hereafter imported in good faith for a permanent exhibition at a fixed place by any society or institution established for the encouragement of the arts or science, and not intended for sale, nor for any other purpose than is hereinbefore expressed; and all such articles imported as aforesaid now in bond, and all like articles imported in good faith by any society or association for the purpose of erecting a public monument and not for sale—shall be admitted free of duty, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe: *Provided*, That the parties importing articles as aforesaid shall be required to give bonds with sufficient sureties under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe for the payment of lawful duties which may accrue, should any of the articles aforesaid be sold, transferred, or used contrary to the provisions and intent of this act."

A new method for preserving animal food for an indefinite period of time has lately been brought to notice. This consists in the enveloping of the substances to be preserved in gelatine, which protects them from the atmosphere and prevents the initiation of decomposition. Eckardt, of Germany, has applied this method to the preservation of fish, and Dr. Campbell Morfit has patented a process on the same principle in England and America.

Dr. Morfit's preparations of more than a year old have lately been tested with milk, cream, cheese, beef, cabbage, tomatoes, pork sausage, etc., and have been pronounced to be perfectly savory and wholesome. The primary principle of Dr. Morfit's process consists in getting rid of nearly the whole of the natural water contained in the substances to be preserved and replacing it by gelatine. The compound is then dried, and in that state can be kept for any length of time. One pound of gelatine will preserve fifteen pounds of meat, fowl, or fish, or eight gallons of milk.

The town of Tula, or Niello, in Russia, has for centuries been the seat of the manufacture of articles of great beauty in what was known as Tula silver—an alloy the composition of which has until lately not been well understood. It is now stated that this consists of nine parts of silver, one of copper, and one of bismuth. Saturated with sulphur, this produces that beautiful blue shade erroneously considered to be steel blue.

Costenoble, of Jena, has published a work by Professor Theodore Poesche, of Washington City, upon the Aryan tribes and Eastern anthropology in general, in which their habits, character, distribution, migrations, and modern representatives are thoroughly discussed. An English translation, which will serve at the same time as an enlarged edition, is now in press.

Not long since it was announced that by imparting to iron a coating of magnetic oxide the surface would be rendered perfectly secure against oxidation or rusting, and it would appear that this process is likely to be employed in the preparation of machinery exceptionally exposed to atmospheric agencies. The method adopted is very simple, the articles to be treated being placed in a chamber of fire-clay or iron capable of being raised to a red heat. This chamber is fitted with two pipes closed by cocks, one of which is to serve as an inlet and the other as an outlet for the air. The articles in the chamber having been raised to a sufficiently high temperature (from 1600° to 1900° F.), the air is passed in, and the inlet and outlet pipes closed for one hour, when they are again opened, and sufficient air is allowed to enter to drive out the whole of that deoxidized, and the chamber closed. This renewing of the air is kept up until a sufficient thickness of the magnetic oxide is formed. This coating has a beautiful light gray or neutral tint of a most delicate appearance, which perfectly protects the iron from rusting under any ordinary conditions.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A jubilee was held in the Sutro Tunnel about eleven o'clock on the night of July 8, when connection was made between the tunnel and the 1650-foot level of the Savage Mine. The "jubilee" was, of course, an impromptu affair, incited by the enthusiasm aroused by a strong draught of air which poured into the mine, and the sight of General Sutro entering the Savage works from the tunnel. But the tunnel itself is the result of many years' labor, the ground having been broken in 1869. It will be remembered that the object of this remarkable engineering work is to facilitate mining operations on the Comstock lode, near Virginia City, Nevada. The miners have there reached a depth of from 1000 to 2300 feet. The expense of pumping up water from such a depth is enormous, and work is extremely difficult in an atmosphere of from 95° to 100°, where the water is often 160°. The Sutro Tunnel will create, as it were, a new surface and a new point of departure nearly 1800 feet below the surface; to this depth the natural flow of water will drain the mine, which will also be ventilated through the tunnel and shafts. The entire length of the Sutro Tunnel is stated at 20,170 feet. When finished it is expected that the whole cost incurred will be about $4,000,000.

According to the reports of the physicians appointed by the Board of Health to visit tenement-houses in this city, there had been, up to the middle of July, less sickness among children than existed at the same time last year. This improvement is partly due to the dissemination of information by the Board of Health concerning infantile diseases and the proper treatment of them. In those tenements where the directions of the physicians concerning ventilation and cleanliness have been followed, fevers and other ailments have abated. But in many tenement-houses, dark, damp, and over-crowded, it seems impossible that health should exist.

A co-operative association for promoting the health conditions of houses has been formed in Manchester, England, after the model of the one organized about a year ago in Edinburgh, Scotland.

At Fort Dodge, Iowa, on July 16, at sunset, the mercury stood at 101°. A few hours later the temperature had fallen to 68°, and a driving rain and thunder storm was cooling the atmosphere. Such a sudden change involves almost as many risks to health and life as the intense heat.

Hot weather prevailed almost every where during the first half of July, but perhaps was most fatally intense at St. Louis, Missouri. There, about the middle of the month, its effects were frightful. In a single day, long to be remembered, there were about 150 prostrations from heat, and over fifty of these proved fatal. The thermometer indicated 102° in the shade, business was suspended, scores of horses fell dead in the streets, and a mortal terror fell upon the stricken populace. The Morgue, where lay the unrecognized dead, presented a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

A long-discussed legal question is again brought before the English public and the government. A deputation from the Convention of the Royal Burghs of Scotland lately presented a petition to the English Home Secretary, showing that at a recent meeting of the Convention the following resolution was passed by a very large majority: "That, in the judgment of this Convention, the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, not being in conformity with the Divine Word, is an unjust restriction on personal freedom, and dangerous to the interests of morality. It is therefore resolved that the Convention memorialize her Majesty's government to remove this restriction, and petition Parliament in support of the Colonial Marriages Bill and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill."

An English journal contains the following little incident: "They have a list at Berlin to which all good Berliners and strangers feeling sympathy for the Emperor sign their names. 'Maman, maman, c'est moi qui veut écrire,' called out a little maiden of seven years as she caught hold of her mother's hand and pointed eagerly to the list. She was told that it was only for grown-up people to sign. Said Count Herbert, who was standing by, 'This once you might indulge her;' and guiding her hand, the little girl wrote, 'La petite comtesse Henriette de L——, avec maman.'"

Congress, at the late session, appropriated about $4,000,000 for the continuation and completion of public buildings in various parts of the country. Work on them is now in progress. Those which will be completed during the present year are at Evansville, Indiana; Covington, Kentucky; Grand Rapids, Wisconsin; Dover, Delaware; Raleigh, North Carolina; Charleston, South Carolina; and the Appraiser's Stores at San Francisco. Ground will soon be broken for a fire-proof building not far from the Treasury Department at Washington, to be devoted to the use of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury Department, and to the mechanical purposes of other bureaus and branches of government departments.

There has been a universal acknowledgment from the highest Chinese authorities of the efforts made by foreigners to alleviate the sufferings caused by the famine in that country.

A military college similar to that at West Point was opened at Tokio on June 10.

The average annual number of paper collars manufactured in this country is 200,000,000, of which Springfield, Massachusetts, produces about 30,000,000.

While at many watering-places high prices still prevail at the hotels, at Lake George, that most beautiful of lake resorts, the charges have been reduced to suit the times. Nor are accommodations less comfortable or the bill of fare less varied than when a couple of dollars more a day was the regular price for transient guests.

In the very midst of a "heated term" 10,000 bales of flannels and 500 cases of blankets were suddenly thrown upon the New York market. Such a deed was enough to send the thermometer up twenty degrees. Strange as it may seem, however, the attendance at the auction sale was large, the bidding reported to be "spirited;" and it was further added—ironically or otherwise—that "the goods offered were seasonable."

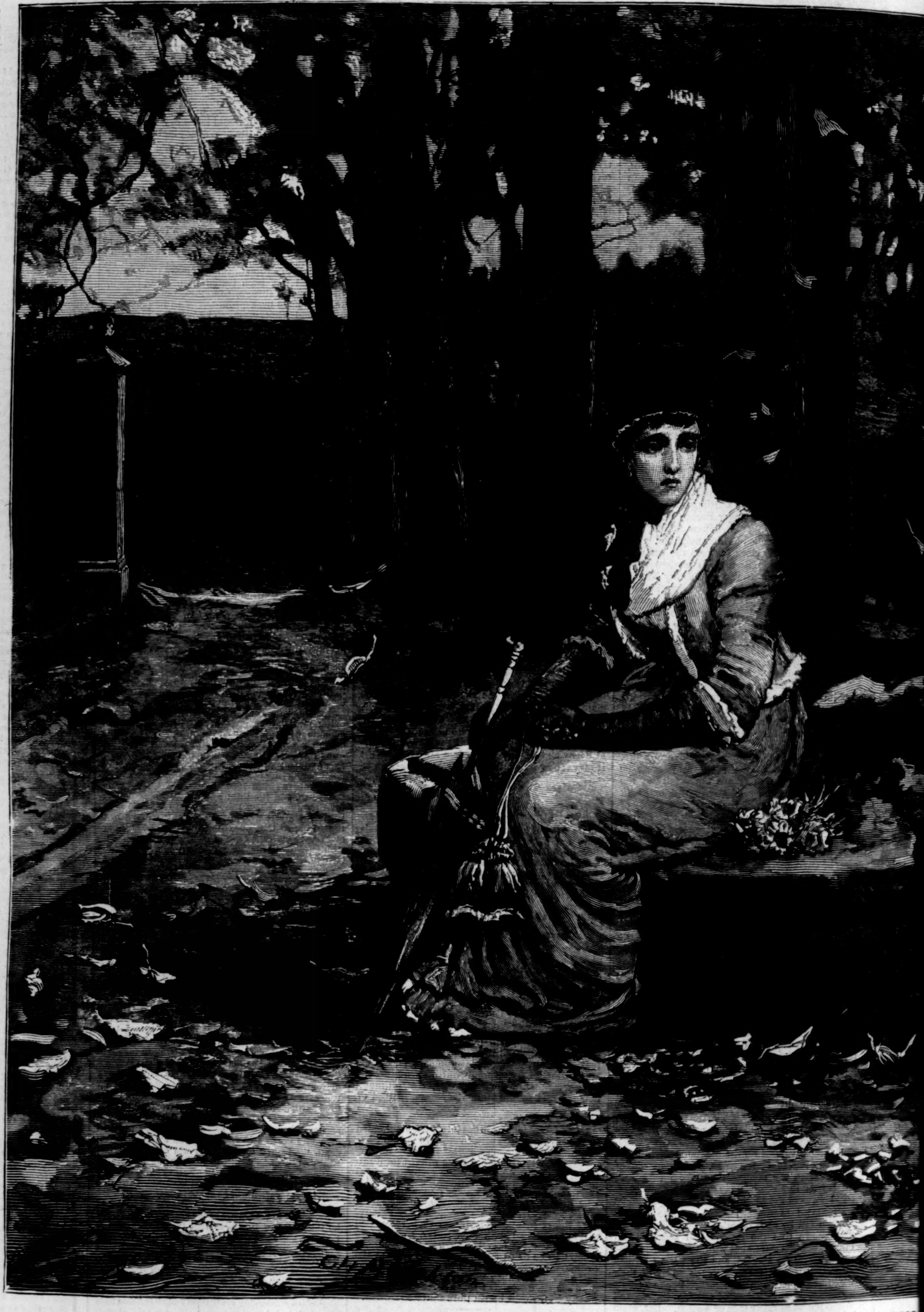
Thus early in the season a few cases of yellow fever have been imported from Havana; but as every vessel arriving at this port undergoes special scrutiny at Quarantine, and, if from an unhealthy port, is subjected to a thorough cleaning and fumigation, there is little danger of infection entering the city.

Copies of the Bible are now printed by the American Bible Society, of 24mo size, agate type, upon good paper, with flexible cloth covers, and sold for wenty-five cents. Copies of the New Testament, of 32mo size, printed in the same type, are supplied by the Society for five cents each, although the actual cost is a little more than that sum. Over a thousand of these Testaments are printed every day. They are regarded as a great success in cheap book-making, and are intended for general distribution among the poor.

How refreshing to be credibly informed that the State of Maine has on hand about a million tons of ice, which will contribute a good deal toward keeping the world cool! A large proportion of this ice has been cut from the Kennebec River, along whose banks a stranger sees, as one visitor expresses it, "ice-houses to the right of him, ice-houses to the left of him, ice-houses in front of him." This ice goes to various places—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, etc. The Penobscot River, in Maine, also yields a good deal of ice now, arrangements having been made to free it, by a dam, from the sand which formerly caused it to be gritty.

These are the days when pastors and Sunday-school superintendents will be wise to give short sermons and brief lesson explanations.

Romances in real life are transpiring every day which would give ample material to all novel-writers from which to weave strange stories. There is little need in these days to draw upon the imagination in story-telling. For example: More than two months ago a lady living in this city wandered from her home, as was supposed, in a temporary fit of insanity. Every effort made to ascertain her whereabouts was unsuccessful. Her husband was possessed of ample means, and spared no expense to find some clew by which to find her. At length, disheartened, and suffering much in health and spirits from his loss, he sailed for Europe. Two days afterward the detectives learned that a dead body answering the description of the missing woman had been found on one of the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Some jewelry on the body corresponded with what had been worn by the lost wife, so that there seemed little doubt as to her fate. But, strange to relate, a few days later a cable telegram, dated London, came from the missing wife herself, stating that she was alive and well, and anxious to see her husband. Arrangements were made so that the husband might be informed of this event on his arrival in England.



"THE WANING OF THE HONEY-MO

THE WANING HONEY-MOON.

The artist to whom lovers of art are indebted for the original of this beautiful engraving is Mr. George H. Boughton, an Englishman by birth, but generally regarded as an American painter, from the fact that his childhood and early youth were passed in the United States. Born in Norfolk, England, in 1836, Mr. Boughton was brought to this country at the early age of four years by his parents, who emigrated hither in 1840, and settled in Albany. During his boyhood he evinced considerable talent for art, but received little encouragement from those around him, and narrowly escaped being persuaded to devote himself to mercantile pursuits. Finally, after no little hesitation, he determined to pursue the career toward which his inclination pointed, and set himself seriously to work as a student of art.

Mr. Boughton was little more than a boy when his first success in the line of art convinced his friends that he possessed no inconsiderable amount of talent. The third of a series of little pictures which he produced was offered to the American Art Union, and finally purchased by that body. He sent a series of illustrations of Shakspeare to a New York publishing house, and although they were declined, so much was said regarding their merit that the artist had every reason to feel encouraged. Illustrative art was not, however, the aim toward which Mr. Boughton's ambition pointed. An opportunity to study oil-painting was what he desired, and in 1853 the American Art Union supplied him with funds for a visit abroad. Six months were spent in Europe, during which time he made the acquaintance of many of the members of the art fraternity, and acquired no little facility in expressing his own ideas with his brush. Upon his return to Albany he soon tired of the restricted privileges of the town, and came to New York, where he might enjoy the society of those of his own profession.

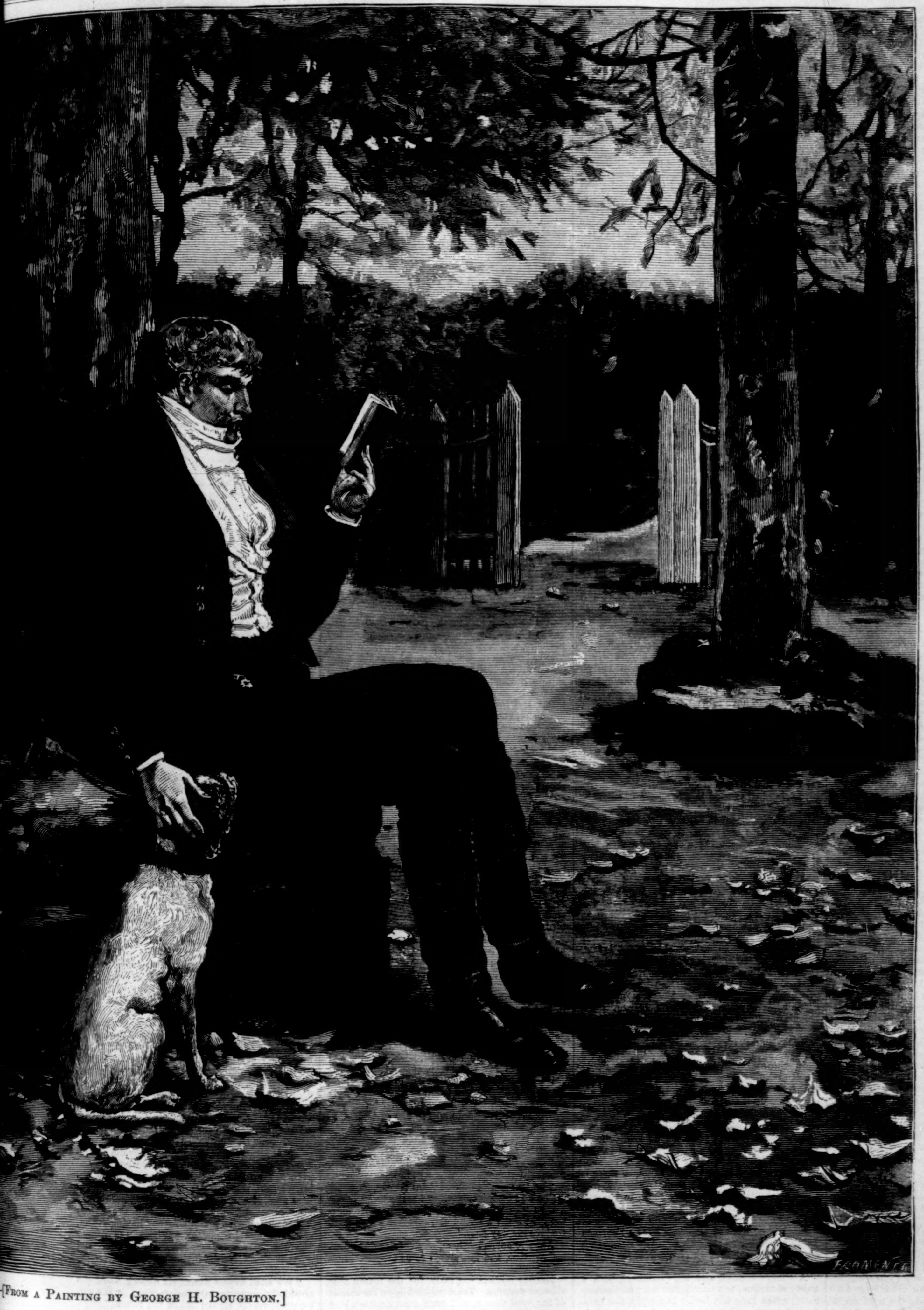
Not long after his return home Mr. Boughton made his first essays at landscape painting. Working always without a master, there was naturally an individuality about his productions, however faulty they might appear to a more practiced hand, and it was probably this fact that attracted attention to his works. The artist possessed undoubted genius, and the want of instruction, that would have been disastrous to a weaker brush, only gave him an opportunity to display his superior talent. In 1857 he sent to the committee seeking contributions for the Ranney Fund a little picture entitled "Winter Twilight," which won great praise for its peculiar simplicity and truth. This youthful expression of genius is now in the possession of Launt Thompson, the sculptor; a certain amount of interest attaches to it from its having been almost the first work of an artist who has since risen to distinction.

This success spurred Mr. Boughton on to still greater achievements, and he produced several popular landscapes. The desire to introduce figures, however, soon led him to feel the inadequacy of his training, and in 1859 he determined to visit Europe again. This time he went to Paris, where he learned much from the society and suggestions of other artists, though he still studied without a master. Among those who lent him kindly assistance was the celebrated Édouard Frère. In 1861 Mr. Boughton opened a studio in London. Here he produced a series of pictures which established his reputation not only in London and its vicinity, but also in America. Among the specimens of his work that he sent to the United States were "Coming thro' the Rye," "Passing into the Shade," and "Coming from Church." They were immediately recognized as gems in *genre* art. The last was, perhaps, the most successful. It represents an old French peasant woman and her granddaughter slowly walking home from mass; the country around is cold and dreary and covered with snow; the elder woman wears the coarse but neat dress of Normandy; the young girl, upon whose arm she leans, is better attired, and wears a large bonnet, while in her hand she carries the prayer-book which has served them both. This picture attracted immediate attention to the artist. One critic says of it: "The artless beauty of the young, contrasted with the furrowed countenance of the elder woman, their slightly abstracted air, and the calm simplicity which the holy shadow of their recent devotions rests on their expressions, and is reflected, as it were, in the cold, still, peaceful landscape, are singularly pleasing and expressive."

Although Mr. Boughton spent the greater portion of his time while abroad in England, where he also married an English wife, France was the country which most attracted him as a student of art. His execution improved rapidly during the time he spent at Paris, that being by far the best school for the discipline and development of such special gifts as he possesses. Tuckerman, referring to the period of his studies in the French capital, says: "Boughton's French practice, added to his native perception and genuine feeling, seemed to complete his artistic equipment; and the works he exhibited at home and abroad, unpretending in size and simple in subject, have won the most discriminate recognition on both sides of the Channel. Their breadth, and softness of tone and color, and their genuine sentiment, have been repeatedly designated as superior and satisfactory. 'Through the Fields,' 'Hop-pickers Returning,' 'Twilight,' 'Cold Without,' 'The Cottage Window,' and 'Morning Prayer' are subjects which demonstrate the scope and tendency of this artist's talent and taste; nature and sentiment, the familiar but suggestive, and, above all, the human element, is what he seizes and embodies. A leading London critical authority declares that Boughton has learned the secret of putting natural feeling into rustic figures, which has been almost entirely wanting in English painters."

Of the above pictures, "Cold Without" deserves a special description, as being among the most conspicuous of Mr. Boughton's earlier triumphs. The subject is not, as a reader familiar with the

expressions that
rants might supp
the usual sauces,
instituted by one
female peasant i
paned windows t
covering the path
door-sills. The
of the hardest-
class—meagre,
attired in a tas
and blue skirt.
stove with the
use for fuel, h
and tawny, but
ly managed Rem



—[From a Painting by George H. Boughton.]

gue in New York restau-
dding ungarnished with
attempt at raising caloric
d and another very young
through whose diamond-
r snow may be seen lying,
ncroaching upon the very
nan is a typical peasant
and poorest-fed French
, and brown, but gayly
d turban, brown sacque,
sits feeding a reluctant
sticks that the French
grandchild—ill-favored
into brightness by a fine-
like fire reflection thrown
upon her face—blows sturdily away into the hearth with a big bellows. The same softness of tone, pleasing arrangement of color, and graphic drawing of form which characterize all **Boughton**'s pictures have their full expression here.

During his residence abroad, and in spite of the attention he received from society, as well as his English marriage, Mr. **Boughton** did not cease to be American in thought and feeling. The land of his boyhood was dear to his heart, and he never failed to stand up for our republic when occasion offered. The following amusing anecdote shows which of the two countries, the one that claims him by birth, and the other by right of having nurtured him in boyhood, comes first in his thoughts. While engaged in copying a picture in the Louvre, one day, one of the egotistical Englishmen so often encountered in Europe entered the gallery, guide-book in hand, with one of the servants of the place at his heels. The gallery was fairly filled, and many students and strangers were looking at the pictures. The Englishman approached **Delaroche**'s "Hemicycle," and examining the figures through his eyeglass—one of which in costume and figure bears a striking resemblance to **Dante**—turned to the servant and exclaimed: "Ah! what does this mean? all the great men, including **Dante**, but not **Shakspeare**! Just like those infernal Frenchmen—left out **Shakspeare**!" And then, with a loud and angry voice and a threatening gesture, he exclaimed, "It is an insult to England!" and savagely stalked away, to the infinite amusement of the by-standers. **Boughton**'s sense of humor had been aroused by the scene, and, rising gravely, he also examined the famous work of **Delaroche**. Presently, pretending the most indignant surprise, he exclaimed: "Ah! what is the meaning of this? all the great men of the world, and **Washington** left out! It is an insult to America." The whole manner and tone of the artist were so perfectly ludicrous that the audience immediately burst out laughing. Had the artist been a comic actor, he could scarcely have played his part more successfully.

Mr. **Boughton**'s reputation as an artist was made in his youth, and naturally all his later productions have met with a warm reception. Among the most successful of his recent works may be named the "Canterbury Pilgrims." Exhibited at the Royal Academy of London, it received the highest commendation from the art critics of England. In the picture the town of Canterbury is seen standing upon a hill and glowing in a soft English sunset. To the right, in the foreground, is a picturesque well; near by stand the groups of pilgrims about starting on their journey. A peasant girl bends gracefully over the well drawing water, and fills the pitcher of one of the monks. The figures are well grouped and spirited, and the landscape has the soft tenderness and freshness of nature which the artist never fails to produce, it being one of the characteristic qualities of his pictures.

Mr. **Boughton** has been elected a member of the Royal Academy, and enjoys the distinction of being the first American artist since **Benjamin West** upon whom such honor has been conferred. With occasional periods of relaxation, he is an indefatigable worker, and although he never forsakes his own specialty of pure and simple *genre* art, he is sometimes known to produce a picture which might be said to belong to the English moralist school. This school—if the word may be applied to a line of art that as yet has but a limited number of followers—has recently arisen in England. Mr. S. G. W. **Benjamin**, in his admirable work entitled *Contemporary Art in Europe*, published by the **Harpers**, alludes to it as follows: "There are also a large number of artists in England who treat the social problems of the day with excellent success both as artists and moralists. Among the most meritorious undoubtedly stands R. W. **Macbeth**, whose painting, 'A Lincolnshire Gang,' illustrating the sort of slavery still endured by some of the peasantry of England, is powerfully rendered in color, drawing, and composition. In painting it attempts what **Dickens** attempted in letters, and deserves similar success in accomplishing its purpose. G. H. **Boughton**, whose 'Bearers of the Burden' attracted so much attention last year, often works in this direction. His rapid success since his return to his native land has been owing undoubtedly in part to the fact that not only are his subjects of a popular character, but the treatment also suggests the simplicity and consequently the consummate art of the French school, while his color is generally quiet, and, if it does not impress at first, has the rare quality of growing in favor. Sometimes, however, as in a recently painted scene from Knickerbocker, he deals with hues as brilliant as any."

ARCHERY.

The art of shooting with bow and arrow, lately revived in this country as a lawn game and in hunting, is probably the oldest mode of warfare in other than hand-to-hand combats, and one of the first employed in the chase. That the Oriental nations excelled in archery in the earliest ages of the world is shown by the mention of the bow in the oldest portions of the Bible, and by its constant appearance in the sculptures of Nineveh and Egypt. These nations long preserved their superiority in the use of this efficient weapon. The Greeks and Romans made but little use of it, although they sometimes employed foreign archers as mercenaries. The Persians, Parthians, and Numidians are among the best archers of antiquity of whom authentic records are preserved. But the most celebrated period of archery began with the Norman conquest of England, when the famous "long-bow" was used by the invaders with such deadly effect that the Saxons found no weapon with which they could successfully oppose it. Soon it became the national weapon of England, and the "cloth-yard shaft," so named from its length, was for many centuries the terror of her enemies. The proper length of the bow was the height of the archer using it, and from sixty to ninety pounds was the force necessary to draw the arrow to the head. The long-bow was made of Spanish or English yew or ash. The arrows were made of ash, oak, or yew, were tipped with steel, and feathered with goose feathers. The strings were plaited silk. The power of flight and penetration of the English arrows was prodigious. At 300 yards a good archer thought it shameful to miss a straight willow rod as thick as a man's thumb and five feet long; and at 200 yards no armor but the best Spanish or Milan steel plate could resist the force of this terrible missile. The legends of men and horses transfixed with arrows are proved by corselets of the stoutest mail, preserved in several collections, where the shafts have been driven through the breastplate, the body of the wearer, and the back-plate.

The history of England, from the Norman conquest down to the day when fire-arms supplanted the bow and arrows as military and hunting weapons, includes the history of archery; and even then the six-foot yew yielded slowly to the new weapon. It was not easily cast out of the hands of a people whose fathers had made it famous on many a hard-fought battle-field. "The old toxophilite societies," says the author of *The Witchery of Archery*, "kept up their organizations, and from time to time new ones were formed, until archery, about the last of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, took shape as *par excellence* the sport of the nobility and gentry of England, Scotland, and Wales. In 1840 Mr. George Agar Hansard published at London a large volume, entitled *The Book of Archery*, in which was brought together every thing of interest connected with the subject which years of careful labor had enabled him to discover. This gave a new impulse to the 'royal sport,' which obtains to this day."

In July of last year Mr. Maurice Thompson published in *Harper's Magazine* a very interesting article, entitled "Hunting with the Long-Bow." It attracted immediate and wide-spread attention, and at once awakened popular interest in archery. Previous to that time there were no archery organizations in the United States; since then hundreds of clubs have sprung into existence all over the country, from Maine to Texas. The spread of the "toxophilite mania" has been so sudden and wide that dealers have been unable to supply the demand for archery tackle, and in most of our towns and villages the manufacture of rather clumsy but far from worthless long-bows and arrows has been a paying business. The want of a good manual was also felt, containing directions for hunting with the bow, and also the rules for lawn archery. This want has just been supplied by the publication by the Scribners of a neatly illustrated and handy volume made up by Mr. Maurice Thompson from his articles in *Harper's Magazine* and other periodicals. In this volume those who are interested in archery will find full and clear information in regard to this pleasant and healthful pastime.

The illustration on our first page was made by Mr. Reinhart on the grounds of the Staten Island Archery Club. With English ladies archery has always been a favorite game, and it is rapidly growing in favor over here. We should not be surprised if our American lasses soon surpassed their English cousins in the art; and perhaps we shall by-and-by witness an international archery match on some long-bow Creedmoor, in which our American Dianas shall win glory and renown.

A FLORENCE CHIMNEY.

I.—IT SMOKES.

Mr. Paul Chambers yawned slightly, glanced at his watch, and sallied forth from his hotel with his usual aspect of listless indifference.

The city was Florence, the month March, blusterous and stormy, and the hotel one of those dingy edifices in a narrow street of the commercial order to be found in all towns, and chiefly frequented by travellers with a light purse. The purse of Mr. Paul Chambers was an exceedingly light one, despite the gentility of his appearance, while that listless bearing, heightened by the melancholy of his large dark eyes, invariably inspired interest. Women glanced pensively at his head-covering in search of the weed which should designate his being a widower, and were possibly disappointed not to discover that mourning badge on his hat. Mr. Chambers was not a widower. He wore the garb of poverty easily, and yet was a bitterly disappointed man of the type that, having lost the one prize coveted in this world, suffers all others to escape his grasp.

His watch indicated the hour of two as he emerged from the hotel.

"What is the use of making calls?" he soliloquized, discontentedly, and balanced a card between his fingers.

He had been in Florence a fortnight, sufficiently a student by nature to enjoy the sojourn, rambling about church and gallery at his own pleasure, and the card had rested in his pocket-book undisturbed. Now it troubled his conscience to the extent of occasioning a doubt as to whether he should present it at all. An old lady at Palermo had insisted on bestowing the card upon him—one of the throng of motherly creatures he was wont to meet in travel—with the injunction: "When you reach Florence, do not fail to call, and I will write about you. The young ladies are charming girls." He had weakly assented and departed. What did he care about charming girls? He was not a society man—detested balls and parties. Perhaps this family would bore him with an invitation to dinner. He was even able to draw a mental picture of the charming girls. They would be pretty enough, perhaps even stylish, and they would simper at him as a new man. One of them would play to him conscientiously music which he failed to understand, herself founded on the "Stuttgart method;" a second would sing—in these accomplished later days when every girl sings whether she possesses a voice or not; a third would overpower him with her linguistic cleverness.

"Mrs. Henderson Tompkins," he read on the card.

Should he seek the address indicated, after all? How could he ever look the good old lady in the face again if he did not? A gust of wind swept around the corner, bringing a cloud of dust in his eyes—one of those treacherous gusts which lurk on the Arno, often beneath the bluest of skies—and away sailed Mr. Chambers's hat. The hat was whirled against the door of an expectant cab drawn up in the square. The owner recovered it, entered the vehicle, and gave the address of Mrs. Tompkins without further procrastination.

Arrived at his destination, Mr. Chambers dismissed the cab, and surveyed the house he was about to enter with a faint sense of curiosity. At a first glance, Mrs. Tompkins must possess wealth to abide in this mansion, and presumably the Misses Tompkins were heiresses. Had the old lady also thought of that, with intuitive feminine quickness, in presenting him? Excellent old lady of match-making proclivities! The house was handsome and spacious; the vestibule was adorned with statues, and permitted a glimpse of garden behind through stained glass windows; opposite were squares and a new boulevard. The occupant need only close his eyes on old Florence, with its stately palaces, narrow by-ways, loggie and piazzas, and fancy himself in Paris or Munich instead, so modern were all surroundings. The porter in livery popped out of a dark nook, received the card, read it, somewhat vaguely, upside down, all foreign names being alike to him, and delivered several sentences of voluble Italian, from which the visitor extracted "second piano," and began to climb the stairs. The second story proved to be untenanted, silent, and closed. Clearly he had mistaken the porter's directions as to the apartment occupied by the Tompkins family. He retraced his steps to the first floor. There was no name on this door, but it stood open.

Mr. Chambers touched the electric bell, which tinkled sharply. No response. The visitor waited, and his eye roved about the premises unavoidably. Before him stretched a long corridor, at present littered with carpenters' tools, and from this main hall branched many rooms. The occupations of the inhabitants of the apartment also obtruded on his notice. There was a clatter of crockery and kitchen utensils audible on the left, accompanied by subdued singing in a fine barytone voice on the part of an invisible cook, above which occasionally rose the harsh clamor of a parrot.

"Mamma! papa!" shrieked the parrot.

"Ah, Signor Deo! how you scream to-day, pappagallo!" responded the unseen knight of the saucepan. "Is the weather to change, then, and are we to have rain?"

The tap of hammers and grating of saws were also to be heard on the right, and added to the general uproar was the tumultuous tone of a piano, touched by a firm hand.

"The musical Miss Tompkins, founded on the 'Stuttgart method,'" shuddered Paul Chambers. "I know that she practices six hours a day, thereby driving her afflicted family mad."

He rang the bell again, fearing that he should beat a hasty retreat if too much tempted by opportunity. No response. A curious object, resembling a bag moving alone, approached him from the kitchen regions. He accosted the bag in faltering Italian, whereupon a sharp little face peered up at him, a rag of a cap was politely doffed, and the scavenger of the house, in the person of a barefooted boy, passed out of the main entrance, carrying the burden on his back. Nothing was gained by this inquiry. Should he boldly enter and take the castle by storm? A magnificent Persian cat strolled toward him, yawned, brushed against his leg, submitted to a caress, and roamed on with the aspect of an animal of leisure, undisturbed by trifles. The piano ceased abruptly. The Voice reached Mr. Chambers's unwilling ear, and held him spellbound. It was clear, vibrating, not to say piercing, in quality, and spoke the English language.

The Voice. "I hope you will get enough of living in apartments abroad, my dear, without a refrigerator or so much as a gas-fixture to your name, and all your washing carried out into the country, as if they were ashamed to be seen doing any thing industrious in the town."

An Echo. "But, Aunt Sophia, you wished to come."

The Voice (after a pause). "So I did wish to come. What of that? I did not expect to stay forever, though. Oh, these Latin races! They will always enjoy idle poverty as long as there is a festa to be kept, and we shall continue to pity them as children of the sunny south to the end of the chapter. Are you aware that your delightful man cook requires as large an allowance of wine as if he lived by suction alone? Fourteen flasks a month, as I am a Christian! He told me so, counting his fingers with the ingenuous expression of a child."

A silence ensued, and Mr. Chambers, with a guilty sensation, not unmingled with embarrassment, again rang the bell. For reply, the hammers tapped, with saw accompaniment, the parrot clamored, and the cook trolled his song, clashing dishes about.

Then the visitor formed a desperate resolution. He invaded the land and sought the Voice, with the instinctive conviction that it represented the head of the house. Essaying timidly the first door, he beheld himself advancing, in a cheval-glass opposite, into a charming bedroom, draped with dainty hangings of pale blue silk and muslin, a few choice water-colors on the walls, a gilt bird-cage in the window. The very stealthiness of his own aspect, reflected in the mirror, made him retreat hastily.

"Confound it! I will try the bell once more, and go away," he thought.

Just then he fell over a stove-pipe, and was unexpectedly precipitated into another apartment. If the pretty bedroom might have charmed one, this last chamber could not fail to dismay a visitor. It represented temporary chaos; chairs and tables were huddled in corners, a stand of flowers leaned against the wall, a trowel and some mortar occupied the centre of the floor. Two masons stood, with their hands on their hips, in attitudes of repose, watching the movements of a third, who, with his feet still resting on a chair, had thrust the whole upper portion of his body into a square hole cut in the wall for the purpose of investigating the chimney. The somewhat undignified advent of Mr. Chambers over the recumbent stove-pipe did not surprise the masons in the least. His visit was clearly none of their affair; but he succeeded in eliciting from them that the signora was to be found further on, before the man up the chimney concluded to come down, and began to attack that orifice with the stove-pipe much as old prints represent the assault of battering-rams on walled cities.

The situation was becoming ludicrous. Mr. Chambers smiled somewhat grimly, and crossed an anteroom toward the Voice, prepared to bow profoundly on the next threshold.

The Voice. "This Agatina is a clever creetur, and does not understand one word I utter. What is she laughing at now, I wonder? Look, Agatina, this picture is a horse."

Agatina. "Si, si—un cavallo."

The Voice. "She says a horse is a cavallo. Well, I suppose it does sound prettier."

Here was the owner of the Voice at last. She was an elderly lady, wearing spectacles, and at the present moment her costume consisted of a Balmoral petticoat, a linen sacque, and a white night-cap placed over her gray curls, somewhat askew, to protect them from the mortar dust in the dining-room. She held one corner of *Harper's Weekly*, while a good-humored Italian servant held another side of the unfolded sheet, poring over the illustrations.

"Ahem! I have called, madame"—began Mr. Chambers, hat in hand, and paused.

"Eh? Gracious! who is that?" she exclaimed, and fled.

Mr. Chambers put his hat firmly on his head, found his way back to the corridor, and was about to stalk away through the still open main door, when a circumstance occurred which not only altered his intention, but the course of his whole subsequent life.

A door further along the passage was suddenly burst open, a stifled feminine scream reached his ears, and a volume of smoke poured forth into the corridor. Good heavens! was the house on fire? He rushed to the spot, and found himself in a large salon, already rendered densely opaque by smoke, and as he did so, a woman, young and fair, despite the obscurity of that atmosphere, coming toward him, paused, recoiled, then held out both hands in glad recognition.

"Paul!" she said, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Anne!"

There they stood, with hands clasped, gazing at each other, the smoke wreaths gathering and billowing about them.

II.—IT REKINDLES AN OLD FLAME.

The man and woman thus brought unexpectedly face to face continued to look into each other's eyes in silence for a space of time which seemed long, so fraught was it with deep emotion, but which in reality was scarcely of a moment's duration. A wave of color swept over the sensitive, mobile features of Paul Chambers, and was reflected in those of his companion, succeeded by pallor in both, only while her lips trembled, he compressed his own firmly.

"Why are you here?" he finally demanded, harshly.

"I have lived in Florence during the past year," she replied, with forced composure, tears suffusing her eyes.

Another question rose to his lips; he checked it, and released her hands. She uttered a little sob, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

Paul Chambers became aware that the chimney was belching forth smoke, that the masons stood in a group in the door, with Agatina, and the cook, in his white cap, skirmishing in the rear; and that Aunt Sophia, owner of the Voice, was advancing to the front, hastily adjusting a Cashmere robe, and a lace cap on her head.

"What are we to do now?" she exclaimed, in accents of despair, and was answered by a chorus of sneezes and coughs from the assembled company.

"Open the window," suggested Paul Chambers, promptly, and himself threw wide the casement.

"To be sure," assented Aunt Sophia, in admiration and astonishment. "I really like to meet a man who knows what he is about. Anne, is the gentleman a friend of yours—eh? Pray introduce me, my dear."

Anne removed her handkerchief from her tear-stained face, and murmured some formula of introduction.

Nobody noticed her tears, for the reason that all were weeping. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the head mason, and even Aunt Sophia's own spectacles were dim.

Paul Chambers, with heart throbbing as he had never anticipated it could throb again, in the great shock of a meeting for which he had longed and equally dreaded, paused like one in a dream. If the whole group gathered in this smoke-laden room should suddenly vanish before his eyes, he need scarcely be astonished, but treat them as a phantasy of the brain. He had said to himself repeatedly during the past five years, "If she came to me once before I die, and allowed me to look in her eyes without speaking, I should be satisfied." Here was an unexpected and even startling fulfillment.

"Oh, the trouble that chimney has given us! We had better give it up, and freeze." Thus spake Aunt Sophia, in smoke-stifled accents, and the Voice, sharp, metallic, and practical, acted on Paul Chambers's lethargy as a douche bath revives a somnambulist. He recollected not only himself, but that the attention of Aunt Sophia and the gaping menials must be diverted from Anne's evident distress, even if up a chimney. He removed his gloves, stepped forth valiantly, and became leader in the battle against smoke.

That chimney had behaved in the most flighty fashion all winter. There was no manner of excuse for its bad conduct, except that it had been crowded into a corner of the salon, and hung with velvet, which gave it a wretchedly useless aspect altogether. Had it belonged to some vast sombre palazzo, a sullen disinclination to "draw" well might have been attributed to its hopelessly sooty condition. A respectable, not to say aristocratic, chimney of Florence need be required to do no work, as any properly balanced character of a resident should merely wander through lofty chambers hugging a scaldino, with nipped and frosty nose, abjuring other heat as unwholesome. This argument did not hold good with Aunt Sophia's chimney, however. It had been recently built in a house imitative of Baron Haussmann's best architectural efforts, and with especial reference to winter residents in the deluded *forestieri*, who require fires. How gloriously did the old Florence climate spurn improvements! The wind was always wrong for the draught. If it rained, the wood smouldered and hissed, despite the coaxings of many pine cones to blaze; if skies were clear, the "tramontano" blew eddying gusts down the flue to the extent of driving the ladies from the salon, at eight o'clock of an evening, to perch in dining-room or antechamber until bed-time. At all seasons the chimney's moods were delusive and dangerous. If it burned with sudden and spiteful fires, which tempted Aunt Sophia to warm her toes on a cold morning, the chances were that before she was ready to bask in the genial warmth it had died away with the same fitful violence, or expended its forces in a shower of sparks over her stockings. When it did not thus blaze or smoulder, it might always be relied on to smoke—in puffs, in torrents, or in a steady curling vapor, impossible to quench by diversion to its proper channel. Weekly did the padrone of the house appear with ready smiles, hands uplifted to heaven, and suggestions of remedy. The apartment above must be in fault, the wall must be too thick, the pipes below stopped. All should be adjusted immediately, as it was a new house. Niece Anne was for giving it up in despair, and accepting the scaldino instead, but the chimney fascinated Aunt Sophia. She disliked to be vanquished; each visit of the smooth padrone imparted the buckram of indignation to her frame; she bethought her of many expedients; she consulted every body she met on the subject. The result of her last effort was the inroad of masons, who had cut the wall of the dining-room to attack the chimney in the rear—a process resented by it to the extent of belching forth its smoke in such dense volumes as persuaded Paul Chambers that the house was on fire. Nay, had not good resulted from its evil and crabbed disposition, since it had brought him again to Anne's side?

He was made to understand these details by Aunt Sophia's voluble explanation, while Anne dried her eyes, and the masons watched him. The gentleman knelt and boldly attacked the enemy. Inspiration aided him in the emergency. He was not by nature or education a builder, and yet the defective chimney must needs appeal to his practical good sense. Did Aunt Sophia's blind faith in him, because he was an American, spur him to exertion in remedying evils? Did the consciousness that Anne was watching him lend ardor to the energy with which he demanded a chisel and hammer of the wondering workmen?

"This fire-place was never built to be used," he said, removing the velvet hangings. "The space below is too shallow for a lucifer-match to burn well."

Aunt Sophia glanced at Anne triumphantly, and nodded her head. Paul Chambers, with his own hands, began to chisel out the back of the fire-place, recklessly enlarging the space. Evidently the activity of his movements lowered him in the estimation of the masons, and possibly of the cook in the background. The padrone—a gentlemanly person, addicted to cigarettes and embroidered smoking-caps—would never have descended to thus mending the chimney's evil ways, nor would the porter in livery below-stairs have done other than point to the four winds for remedy. Aunt Sophia simply exulted in him, and the blacker his fingers became, the more highly did she respect his efficiency. Anne had vanished.

In half an hour the chimney's mouth was enlarged past recognition; in an hour Mr. Chambers applied a match to an artistic structure of pine cones, twigs, and sticks, and the flames leaped up merrily. The chimney having found, acknowledged its master. Where was Anne? She did not return, and Mr. Chambers received Aunt Sophia's cordial invitation to dinner somewhat stiffly.

"We shall expect you at six o'clock," said the good lady, beaming with satisfaction. "We will blow out all the smoke before you return."

"I suppose I must meet Anne's husband, then," meditated Mr. Chambers, as he walked away. "Why could not he mend the chimney?"

At six o'clock a most radiant little lady received Paul Chambers, and accepted graciously the bouquet of roses he brought.

"You used to like roses," he said, looking at her dreamily.

She was the Anne of old, with added charms, such as intercourse with the world imparts. The softly rounded outline of her face remained unchanged, was still youthful and serene, but she carried her head with more dignity, and there was a certain latent pride in the blue eyes unlike the saucy sparkle of girlhood. She was charmingly dressed in pink and gray, so that as she moved, Paul Chambers compared her shining garments to the evening sky. Valuable jewels flashed on her fingers. He noted these details with a jealous pang, which he was too proud to betray.

"I trust that I am to have the pleasure of being presented to your husband this evening," he said, coldly.

She gave him a wild glance, and the blood rushed to her brow. Aunt Sophia, in a fresh cap with lavender bows, had to come to the rescue, and tapped him on the arm warningly.

"Hush! Did you not know? Anne has been a widow for two years, and a better husband than the judge never lived," she whispered, as they went in to dinner.

It would be impossible to describe Mr. Chambers's emotions while he ate his soup, these words ringing in his ears. Anne a widow! Why had he not known the truth before? Who was to inform him? He looked severely at her presiding over the pretty table, with its flowers and fruits and silver, in her robes of pink and gray. These were her widow's weeds, then! Anne looked back at him with a warning flash of defiance or indignation in her beautiful eyes.

"She is right," he thought, with a sigh of deep despondency.

Aunt Sophia was delighted with him, because he proved such an excellent listener. She had seldom met a more interesting man, she afterward affirmed, although he had scarcely opened his lips. When the meal was concluded she was quite hoarse, and discreetly withdrew to a comfortable arm-chair, the Persian cat on her knee, while Anne and Paul Chambers occupied the window, and watched the twilight deepen over the city. Aunt Sophia, stroking pussy's rich fur, regarded them through her spectacles with a slightly satirical smile.

"Just as if I did not know," she soliloquized. "Anne is one of those pretty, clinging sort of women who will marry again. I would rather she selected an American than some count or marquis who only cares for her money."

Then Aunt Sophia, with the philosophy peculiar to middle age and a good digestion, after dinner, fell into reverie. Her page in the great volume of experience read thus:

Her nephew, the mature and wealthy Judge Moore, had fallen in love with a mere school-girl, Anne Horton, and married her for his second wife. Aunt Sophia was not surprised; the extraordinary ways of men never surprised her. The school-girl was docile enough; a trifle pale and listless, perhaps, and willing that Aunt Sophia should manage the household in that old-fashioned homestead of the county town, famous for its hospitality and the historical characters once sheltered beneath its roof. The school-girl Anne had made a very great match, and was the envy of all the country round, where ambition lurked in the feminine breast to handle the old china of the grand pantry, locked most of the year, and drive out behind those fat gray horses in the family carriage, slow and ponderous, if reliable, like the judge himself. Possibly Aunt Sophia, by guarding her nephew from these ambitious ones in slighting their invitation to tea, was unprepared for his being taken captive by a slim maiden in a straw bonnet, who showed a marked aversion to looking at him. The secret of Anne's subtle influence over her husband remained an unsolved riddle to Aunt Sophia. Sitting in a Florence salon after dinner, with a Persian cat on her knee, she recalled another scene intimately connected with her own transplantation. The awful day when Judge Moore had been brought home from the court-house, smitten with apoplexy on the bench, had passed with the summer heat. Now late autumn had succeeded, the sombre skies promising snow, and the woods, sere and brown, carpeted with fallen leaves. Aunt Sophia had caught the pretty widow seated before a mirror, and accepted it as a good omen. The face reflected in the mirror was pale with much weeping and painful thought, yet dimples lurked in the fair cheek and rounded chin. The lines of woe were rendered more prominent by a widow's cap and the sable garments in keeping with the silence of the old house, standing remote from the village street in the seclusion of a garden. The public had been surprised by the overwhelming grief of Anne Moore at the death of her husband. To be sure, the bar and the country had sustained an irreparable loss in his demise, according to the obituary notices in the county papers, yet every body knew that Anne had only married him for his money. The town was not to be cheated on this point. Well, she had obtained her end, and there was no use in crying her eyes out, since the judge was ripe in years, after all, and had left her all his worldly possessions. Deaf to this advice, the widow shut herself up in the old house, and pined with a grief too sincere to admit of incredulity. The key to this sorrow was remorse. She had not loved her husband, and had married him as the only avenue leading to independence.

Aunt Sophia had said, behind the mirror, "My dear, the new minister has arrived."

"Ah!" was the apathetic rejoinder.

"Yes, and I wish you would try to interest yourself in the fair for the Town-hall fund."

"Oh, aunt, I can not!" and the widow had begun to sob, the human instrument being so sadly out of tune.

The older woman had folded her hands, and said, decisively, "Anne, you must go away."

"Where?" with a faint gleam of curiosity.

"To Europe, perhaps." And Aunt Sophia studied maps with a zeal afterward.

She had achieved every thing, and might be permitted to repose now in an arm-chair, with a Persian cat on her knee.

The couple in the window also turned their leaves of experience in the silence which had succeeded a rush of words, the cold constraint of mutual misunderstanding, and this stillness melted the barrier of estrangement far more effectually than explanation. Anne's leaf was a closed page to excellent Aunt Sophia; in turn that of Paul Chambers had been by her unread all these years. Anne beheld in a dream her own youth again. There was the Young Ladies' Seminary, presided over by Miss Crimp with prim gentility—a structure whose very walls vibrated with the jangle of many pianos. Who so affable to parents and guardians as Miss Crimp, and who so tyrannical to young Anne, assistant teacher, homeless and friendless, gaining her own education at odd moments? Those were dreary days in the tread-mill. Paul Chambers had made all the sunshine. He was the drawing-master, with slender purse; yet when the roses bloomed there were always fresh buds for Anne's brown hair. Judge Moore, portly, dignified, and rich, was observed to study attentively the seminary pews in church. Miss Crimp bridled complacently, and Paul Chambers suddenly departed. Then the judge astounded his world by making Anne an offer of marriage. How acrimonious had Miss Crimp then become! fairly driving her young teacher to the protection of this elderly suitor. Why had Paul deserted her? What became of him? She had no longer a right to ask these questions. Aunt Sophia's proposition of foreign travel had proved a happy one. The advent of the pale young widow in the capitals frequented by Americans was a marked event. One faction did not believe she was rich, pronounced her to be entirely devoid of style, and detected in her every look the indications that this journey was a campaign in search of a husband. The opposition, in sheer perversity, discovered that the late Judge Moore had served his country with brilliant renown, and left an immense fortune. Such honors were heaped upon his memory that he would not have recognized himself. At Paris he was pronounced a Senator, at Dresden a rich mill-owner, at Nice a member of the Legislature, and at Geneva, minister to Spain in 18—.

Oh, wise Aunt Sophia, foreseeing that youth and health would assert sway, if once the mourner could be lured into the busy world! Anne, blooming and gay, had accepted with ready tact the lofty position unexpectedly assigned by strangers, and been charmed by the novelty of travel. Paul Chambers's leaf was dark. He was not a martyr, weary of the ills of life, who turns from the world to become a morose recluse; still, he was lonely and miserable. His years had been made up of painful drudgery to win bread. He did not imagine himself born to any heroic and lofty fate; he had saved Anne from sharing his own bitter poverty by going away. That was all. From the moment of sacrifice, when he had renounced his love that she might marry the rich judge, he had fallen a prey to poignant regret. He who looks back suffers the golden sands of the present to slip through a nerveless grasp.

"Paul, I believed you had utterly forgotten me, and at the moment of my greatest need," said Anne, in the window. How the tender voice vibrated on the chords of memory! How familiar was the fair face in the waning light!

"Oh, Anne, if I could believe that you needed me still!" he whispered, his fingers closing over her warm soft hand.

Aunt Sophia interposed on soul-communings briskly. "It is time for a cup of tea. I hope those Tompkins girls will find husbands in their summer campaign. They have jaunted to Vienna already, and you might as well try to follow a comet."

When summer again dawned, the old Moore homestead wore its most cheerful aspect. Children were abroad in the fields berrying, and the cattle wended their way soberly along the village street beneath the elms. Paul Chambers kneeled on the moss of the garden, studying some object. Aunt Sophia glanced through a window.

"What *are* you doing?" at length demanded feminine curiosity.

"I am considering the ways of ants," he replied. "What wonderful fellows they are! Depend upon it, we make a profound mistake in ever travelling beyond our own gardens, where we meet the best foreign society. The day-lily of Portugal bids you good-morning, madame, the heliotrope from Peru is your scent-bottle, while all about the mystery of life goes on—seeds floating through the air, buoyed up by downy umbrellas, and bees carrying love messages to the flowers."

"Suppose you come in to breakfast," said Aunt Sophia.

Summer had entered the dark dining-room, with its quaint furniture and plate. At the table sat Anne, widow no longer, in crisp pink muslin, resembling her favorite roses. Judge Moore's portrait, entwined in ivy, hung on the wall.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 4.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 11.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 25.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE Protestant Episcopal bishops now in England have been the recipients of special honors. A *conversazione* was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, on the last Thursday evening of June, for the purpose of welcoming them. The chair was taken by the Bishop of Carlisle, who greeted them in a neat address. Each American bishop present then gave an account of his diocese. Our minister to England, the Hon. JOHN WELSH, also spoke briefly. The missionary conference on the next day, called by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, brought together representatives of Anglican missions throughout the world. The information offered showed very strikingly the breadth of modern Christian mission work. The accession of 20,000 natives of India at Tinnevelly to Christianity was explained at length by the Bishop of Madras. "At first," he stated, "the natives imagined that the relief distributed by the missionaries [during the famine] was part of the government aid; but when Bishop CALDWELL requested his agents to explain to them how the matter really stood, the people said they had never before heard of a religion that was capable of such a disinterested act."

The Synod was opened as announced, at the chapel of Lambeth Palace, on the morning of July 2. The Archbishop of York preached the sermon; after it the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the meeting. The discussion of the first question, "The best Mode of maintaining Union among the various Churches of the Anglican Communion," was promptly begun. The formal meetings of the Synod were held for four days only, when an adjournment to July 23 was carried. In the interval the committees to which the various topics have been assigned will meet and prepare their reports. On the 23d of July the sessions of the Synod will be resumed, and will close on Friday, July 26.

It was a happy thought to call together the members of the Synod on June 28 at Canterbury, where is the chapel dedicated to the memory of St. AUGUSTINE, the founder of Christianity in Great Britain. In his address on the occasion the Primate dwelt with emphasis on the fact that, as Protestants, we have a purer faith than he had who first planted Anglo-Saxon Christianity. "I am addressing you," were his words, "from St. AUGUSTINE'S chair. This thought carries us back to the time when that first missionary to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, amid much discouragement, landed on these then barbarous shores. More than twelve centuries and a half have rolled on since then. The seed he sowed has borne an abundant harvest, and this great British nation and our sister beyond the ocean have cause to render thanks to God for the work begun by him here. You have blessings that he had not. You stand nearer the pure, primitive Christianity of the Apostles. You have a motive power to touch the heart denied to him."

The alumni of Princeton Theological Seminary propose to place three mural tablets in the seminary chapel—one in memory of the Rev. Dr. MILLER, the second in memory of the ALEXANDERS, father and sons, and the third in memory of Dr. HODGE. The offerings for this purpose are restricted to one dollar each.

The efforts to utilize the Paris Exposition for religious purposes have assumed large proportions. The London Tract Society has distributed there 350,000 copies of its publications. The New York Sabbath Committee have sent over for distribution 20,000 copies of an essay on the "Sabbath in the United States." The distribution will be made through the pastor of the American Chapel in Paris, the Rev. Dr. E. W. HITCHCOCK.

Since the adoption of the resolutions by the Old Catholic Synod, recently held at Bonn, to abolish compulsory celibacy, Professors REUSCH, FRIEDRICH, LANGEN, and MENZEL have withdrawn from the movement—at least as far as it is "directed from Bonn." At the synodal meeting of 1877 the Council was instructed to inquire of the governments of Germany whether there were any legal objections to the proposed change. Favorable answers were received from Prussia and Baden. No answer came from Hesse. In Bavaria the Old Catholics have no legal standing; in Switzerland the marriage of priests is recognized without question. The resolutions of the Synod, omitting the preamble, were in these words: (1) "That the prohibition of the canon law which forbids the contraction of a marriage on the part of an ecclesiastic, from subdeacon upward, constitutes for the Old Catholic community no obstacle to the marriage of an ecclesiastic, nor a hinderance toward the administration of the cure of souls by a married ecclesiastic. (2) The resolutions of the second and third Synods, contrary to this decision, are repealed." The vote on these resolutions showed 19 priests and 56 laymen for, and 5 priests and 16 laymen against. Bishop REINKENS voted with the minority; with the majority were Professors MICHELIS, VON SCHULTE, and Dr. KNOODT. The total number of Old Catholic members reported was 51,864, against 56,640 reported last year. There are 122 congregations in Germany.

Methodist statistics for this year generally indicate prosperity. The thirty-seven Methodist Episcopal Spring Conferences for 1878 report 676,594 members, an increase of 15,418, and 112,277 probationers, an increase of 1775. The Germany and Switzerland Methodist Conference, held at Basle in June, has now under its care 11,320 members, an increase of 462. The Australian Methodist General Conference, which was held in Sydney May 8–28, was composed of 96 delegates, of whom one-half were laymen. The statistics showed 423 ministers, 57,274 members, and 9231 probationers. This General Conference decided not to abolish class-meeting attendance as a condition of membership.

The Presbyterians of Canada reported, at their General Assembly, which closed June 22, the number of communicants in the churches to be 98,371; of ministers, 613; the number of organized churches and preaching places is 1389. The total sum raised during the year for all purposes was $1,027,359; for congregational uses, $862,043. The average salary of ministers is $800.

Should a general election for Members of Parliament be ordered in Great Britain, the Church question will have much to do in deciding the occupancy of the Scotch seats. Scotchmen divide more readily at present on state Church or free Church than on the policy of Earl BEACONSFIELD. Conservatives in Scotland have rallied to the support of the Kirk, and the Liberals have united to carry Disestablishment if they can. The representation now stands at 40 Liberals to 20 Conservatives. The Liberals hope to raise their majority to 34. At all events, the election, if held, will determine with how much vigor the disestablishment movement will be urged forward in the immediate future.

What is known in this country as Local Option in regard to the trade in strong drink, but in England is called the "Permissive Bill," was defeated by an adverse vote of three to one in the British House of Commons on the last Wednesday of June. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who with unyielding pertinacity moves this measure year after year, expressed the opinion that there had of late years been but little decrease in the intemperance of England. He estimated the money value of the liquor annually consumed in the country at £140,000,000. The number of drunken persons arrested by the police in a year he stated to be 350,000. He hit the Conservatives neatly by charging that they "came into office four years ago on the cry of a spirited foreign policy and a spirituous domestic policy." In nine years the vote in Parliament on this measure has made no perceptible advance; in 1869 it stood 87 in favor; in 1878 it is 84.

The Rev. JOHN DOWLING, D.D., a prolific writer, and in his time a vigorous preacher of the Baptist denomination, has passed away at the ripe age of seventy-one years. He is best known by his *History of Romanism*, which was well received, and has passed through several editions. Many years of his pastoral life were spent in this city.

The text of the letter of LEO XIII. to Cardinal LAVALETTE, the Vicar-General of Rome, in which protest is made against the recent government decree abolishing the compulsory use of the catechism in the public schools of that city, appears in the New York *Tablet*. Hereafter religious instruction will be given in the schools of Rome to those scholars only whose parents ask for it. The picture which the Pope draws of the condition of the city shows how intensely hostile he is (and from the nature of his office must be) to civil and religious liberty. "Here," the letter proceeds to say, "an unbridled press, journals continually pursuing the object of combating the faith by sophism and irony, and of annihilating the sacred rights of the Church, and diminishing her authority; here Protestant temples, erected by the gold of Biblical societies, arising in populous streets as an insult to our faith; here schools, asylums, colleges, hospitals, open to youth, with the apparently philanthropical object of being useful, but really with the design of forming a generation hostile to the religion and Church of Jesus Christ."

Following this line of thought, LEO XIII. declares that he sees no good in the option given to parents. He does not hesitate to call the sects at work in Rome, meaning thereby the Protestants, impious. Hear him. "We beg of your Eminence to strenuously exhort the Roman people to lift to the throne of God our Saviour fervent prayers that He may deign to preserve in its effulgence the light of Catholic faith *which heretical sects upon which the world showers its honors pretend to extinguish—these sects and other impious conspirators who destroy themselves in impotent efforts to overthrow the solid rock against which, it is written, the gates of hell shall never prevail.*" In the opinion of a pope who is a scholar, and as liberal as a priestly education will permit him to be, such self-denying men as VERNON, PIGGOTT, TAYLOR, and their associates in Rome, are no better than pagans. The world will, however, judge these Christian missionaries—and LEO too—by their fruits, not by their words.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"SEE here, captain," said a sharp boy, who was seeking employment from an old sea-faring man, "first father died, and my mother married again; and then my mother died, and my father married again; and somehow or other, someway, I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

Senior is questioned: "What is the name of that lady to whom you are engaged?" Senior blandly responds: "Which one?"

Cham depicts a Parisian welcoming a country relative with: "How good it is of you to come! for you are just in time to assist me in nursing a friend from Rio Janeiro, who has the yellow fever."

The *Hawkeye* says it takes a drug clerk of broad judgment and liberal views and a calm, statesmanlike control of his features to know how to give a citizen the right kind of sirup in his soda-water when the citizen's wife says she will take the same as her husband.

A CAUTIOUS LOVER.—"When I courted her," said Spreadwater, "I took a lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love, 'Yours, without prejudice.'"

"What fine dark hair you have got, Miss M——! My wife, who is much younger than you, has her hair quite gray." "Indeed," rejoined Miss M——, "if I had been your wife, my hair no doubt had been gray too."

TO INQUIRER.—No; photographers are not always wealthy. They are men of miens, however, and engaged in a mien business.

"Madam," said a physician to a patient, "you have grown wonderfully thin of late." "Yes, doctor," she replied, "I am getting more and more emancipated every day."

ODE TO A MONEY-LENDER—"Meet me a loan."

A Connecticut woman was appointed constable the other day, and the first thing she said was: "Now I *shall* catch a man."

When is a cat like a tea-pot?—When you're teasin' it (tea's in it).

Can the man who attends the street lamps be called a light character?

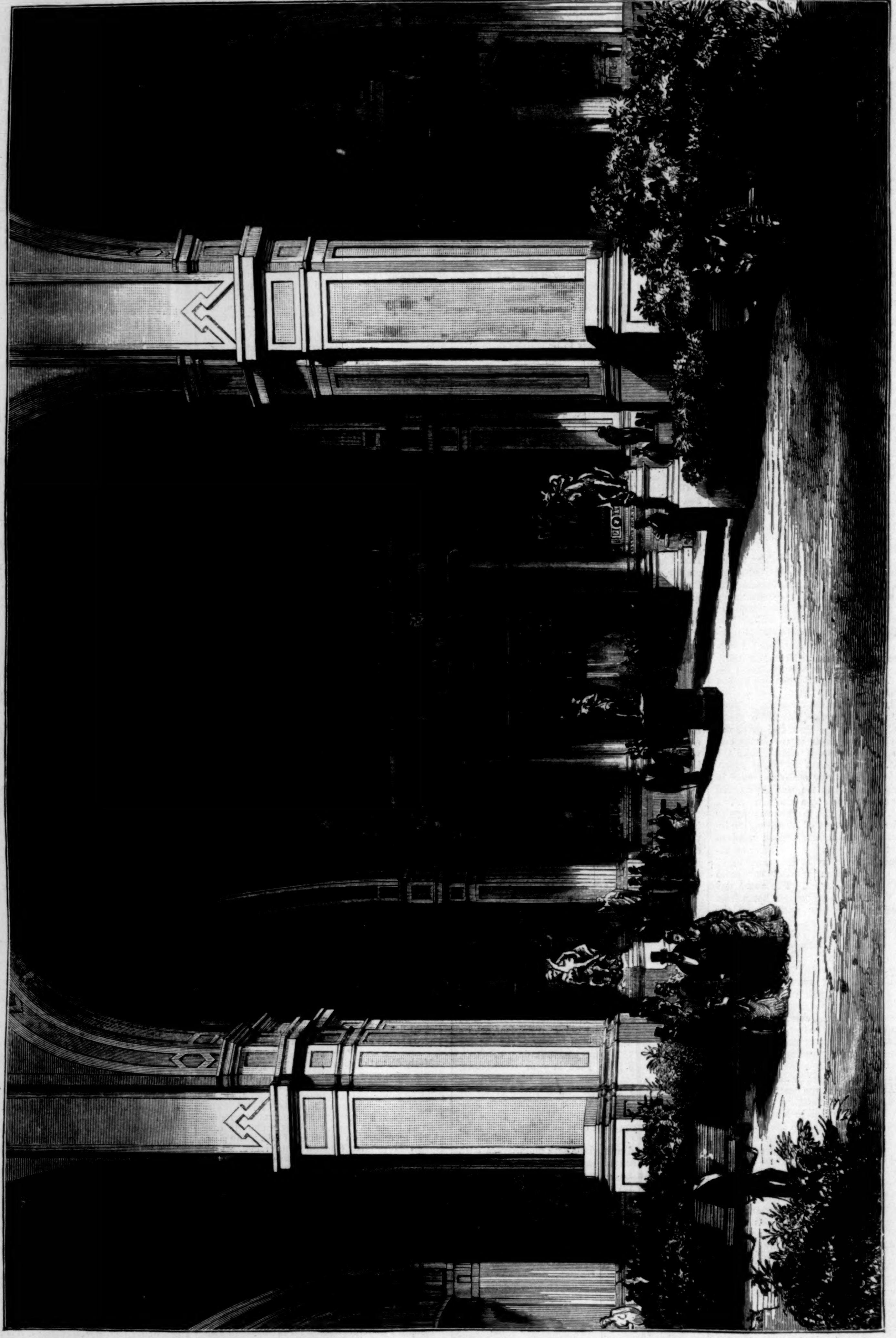
"Here is your writ of attachment," said a town-clerk, as he handed a lover a marriage license.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* suggests that graduates of female colleges be given the title of "Spinster of Arts."

"We all knows," said a cockney school-committeeman to a new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B, and C is wowels; but what we wants to know is vy they is so."

"What are those speckled birds?" inquired Mrs. Skinflint of a poulterer. "Guinea-fowls, ma'am." "Keep 'em, then," murmured the lady, as she walked away, disgusted at such imposition; "you don't get my guineas for 'em, that's all."

A lady occupying room letter B at a hotel, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B——, who is to call at half past ten." The porter, a better boot-black than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

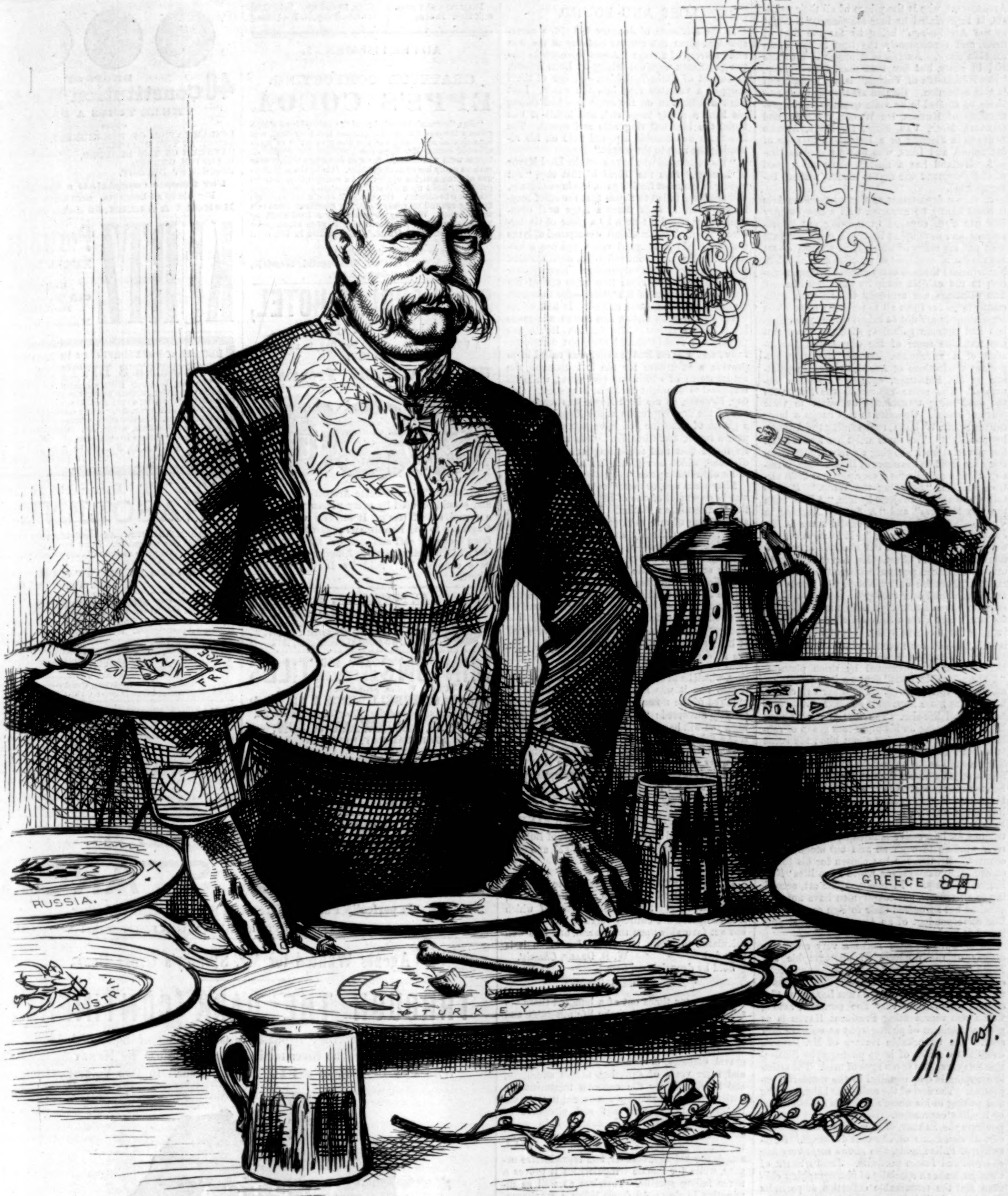


THE PARIS EXHIBITION—ENTRANCE TO THE FINE-ARTS GALLERY, CHAMP DE MARS.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Gallery of Fine Arts is one of the most interesting features of the Paris Exhibition. Not only does it monopolize a large portion of the Main Building on the Champ de Mars, but it divides that immense structure from end to end. The northern vestibule, which is situated at the meeting point of the two sections, the French and the Foreign, forms the subject of our illustration. Its façade is composed of three vast arches upheld by square pillars, and forming a triple portico, the architectural lines being agreeably softened by the cream-like tint of the whole. There is a spacious fore-court, beyond which is the entrance to the main hall. The side entrances leading to the sections just mentioned are decorated with colored landscape designs upon a surface of porcelain or earthenware, below which are represented by colossal female figures the arts of Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, Engraving, Pottery, and Metallurgy, each with her proper tools. Over the entrance to the Fine Arts Gallery is a model of a Greek temple, with a hemicycle of a colonnade extended in rear of it and to right and left; all is of gray material, but suffused with a delicate rosy tinge.

The Committee of Selection, whose business it was to decide what works of art should be admitted to the Exhibition and what rejected, had a trying task laid upon their shoulders; but they performed it conscientiously, and the result is calculated to satisfy the most fastidious. Every nation that has paid any attention to art is represented. France herself contributes some of the most wonderful specimens of ancient and modern art. The great public galleries have been laid under contribution, and with the best results. There are, for instance, forty works from the Luxembourg, representing about five-and-thirty artists, among them Cabanel, Regnault, Delaunay, Lévy, Ulmann, Feyen, and Chintreuil. These works include specimens of both painting and sculpture, and suffice in themselves to give the visitor an idea of the characteristic features of modern French art. Richard Whiteing, the Paris correspondent of the New York *World*, in one of his brilliant letters describing the later art wonders of the Exhibition, says: "The work in marble shows a rapid growth of the naturalistic influence of Carpeaux in the attempt to render in form alone, and without the aid of color, all the freedom and play of life—the laughter of children, the coquettish grace of Parisian women, the utmost diversity, in fact, of facial expression, with a corresponding realism in the very texture of dress. It is a *genre* which, neither applauding nor regretting, has its existence noted as a fact. Other French innovators in art who have been less successful than Carpeaux will not be represented in the Exhibition—Manet and his *impressioniste* school. They are not discouraged. Manet talks of taking a place outside the building, stocking it with his works, and thus issuing



BISMARCK'S "AFTER-DINNER" SPEECH.

"GENTLEMEN, THERE IS *REALLY* NO MORE TURKEY."

a call to the unconverted at his own expense. The great picture from Old Testament history—a mother keeping the vultures from the bodies of her crucified sons—which was seen at Philadelphia, has again crossed the sea to figure here. In the collection is the fine "Marceau Lying in State, with the Austrian Staff Saluting the Body," which figured in the Salon last year, and which, with the "Robespierre" likewise exhibited, was the picture of the season. Portraits of celebrities are numerous, as of Granier, the actress, by Muraton, and of Zulma Bouffar, by a Hungarian artist, Paezka. The French art show is further enriched by a splendid collection of portraits of national worthies, many of them works of equal value to the painter and the historian."

The English exhibit is among the finest in the department, and shows a decided advance upon former achievements. The works are collected in five rooms, which of themselves have an attractive appearance; the walls are of a low-toned red with a black dado; cocoa-nut matting covers the floor; some marble statues and flowers give a suggestion of elegance to the display; the lighting is well managed, perhaps a little raking when the sun shines strongly. The principal drawback is the limited space—how limited it is will be understood when it is said that Mr. Alma Tadema's "Roman Emperor" and Mr. Pettie's "High Treason," both having small figures, are placed so high as to be practically out of sight. The works of the different painters are, in most cases, brought together, and generally with good result. There is a little too much of the conventional arrangement, whereby some pictures are arranged as foils to others; for instance, a quiet landscape by Mr. Mark Fisher is so placed that it serves to heighten the effect of two scarlet canvases by Mr. Millais. Proceeding on the system of contrast, one end of the largest room has been devoted to the works of Mr. Watts, supported by Mr. Burne-Jones and other men who may be said to be his disciples. The other end has been principally covered by the portraits and landscapes of Mr. Millais, the central point being his "Yeoman of the Guard."

Germany, although conspicuous by her absence in other quarters of the Exhibition, is represented in the art department. The German artists have sent about two hundred pictures and some few works in sculpture. Many of their finest works are, however, excluded from the Exhibition because the German Commission was obliged to lay down very strict rules as to the size of pictures, and the Germans, historic painters especially, work on a vast scale. Battle pieces are excluded for another reason. The Emperor William, who has shown throughout great interest in the Exhibition, insisted on the rejection of all subjects that might in any way offend the sensibilities of the French. They, not to be outdone in politeness, reciprocated the action, so that no pictures suggestive of the struggle between the two countries appear. Altogether the representation may be said to be creditable to the Germans, though it is not greatly superior to the one made at Philadelphia two summers ago. It shows, however, something of the four national schools. These are the Naturalists, with Knaus and Meyerheim for leaders; the Realists, another band of *impressionistes*, settled chiefly at Weimar; the Colorists, who slide by the accident of residence, if not of birth, into the school of Vienna (take Makart for an example), and who own Piloty for chief, and Backlin, Lier, and Briandt for his lieutenants—all represented in the Champ de Mars—and the other school of Idealists. These schools may again be locally named as those of Berlin, Munich, Weimar, and Düsseldorf.

Russia has sent a comparatively large number of pictures. There are 109, and many of her best artists are well represented. The most noteworthy of these is Makovski, the professor at the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts, who contributes a remarkable figure-piece entitled "The Bulgarian Martyrs." Klodt, Koundji, and Volkof send good landscapes, the last especially;

Aivazowski, who is the prince of all their painters, is represented by four sea-pieces, "A Night in the Archipelago" being by far the best of them, and consequently the best in the whole Russian show. Austria is strongest in portraits and in *genre*, but her best man, Pettenkofen, "the Meissonier of Vienna," is not represented in this collection. Belgian art may in these galleries be studied in its main qualities in the productions of Keyser, De Winne, Wauters and Gallait, Mols, Van Moer, De Knyf, Alfred Stevens (a Fleming or a Dutchman in spite of his name), and Leys, who was a school in himself. Holland has a modest show but a good one; Switzerland one that is modest without being so good.

In such a department as that of the Fine Arts it could hardly be expected that a new country like our own, engaged in opening out its resources and developing its trade, could compete with nations many of which have schools of art the results of centuries of practice and tradition. Nevertheless there is every cause for congratulation in the exhibit made by the United States. The paintings are arranged in one room sufficiently large for them all to be easily seen. The appointments are not so luxurious as in the English and German galleries; still, the apartment has not, like some of the others, the appearance of a warehouse. Among the most important productions of American art is a painting by Mr. Bridgman, entitled "Egyptian Funerals." The scene represents the Nile, with the dead being transported by water to their place of burial. Opposite to this hangs a large canvas by Mr. W. Dana, representing the Atlantic by moonlight. The same artist has also a small but powerful work showing a party of men gathering sea-weed on the shore of Dinan. Mr. Winslow Homer contributes a very pleasant little picture, entitled, "Snapping the Whip." Besides this are two negro subjects by him, "A Visit from the Old Mistress" and "A Sunday Morning in Virginia." Another characteristic scene is Mr. Johnson's "Corn Husking." It is, however, little more than a sketch, but abounds in suggestions of color and effect. Mr. Lafarge contributes an American pastoral without the shepherd, entitled "Paradise Valley, Newport." Sheep and cattle are dotted over cool green meadows, which slope to the sea-shore. A slight mist obscures the sun, which gives a softened effect to the picture. A large canvas by Mr. Wylie, whose death is still fresh in the memory of all lovers of art, has for its subject a wounded Vendean chief. Mr. Vedder is represented by three pictures. "The Ancient Madonna" shows a lady examining an ancient Italian panel. The other two contributions are more important subjects, the figures being small life-size. The first is the "Young Marsyas" playing on his pipes to a group of rabbits, which are gambolling about him; the scene is laid in a forest, the ground covered with snow. The second has for subject "The Cumean Sibyl." She is striding across the Campagna, holding her books to her breast; the smoke of the fire which burns behind her sweeps through the picture, the line being repeated by the massive clouds which roll about the mountain-tops. Mr. Colman contributes an impressive landscape, representing a river winding through an arid but mountainous country. Mr. Gifford has chosen for his theme an exquisite country scene, which he entitles "New England Cedars." In photographic art, according to all reports, our countrymen have not only equalled but surpassed their foreign competitors. The correspondent of an American journal published in Paris says:

"The United States make a very creditable display of the products of photographic art. There are ten exhibits of photographs and accessories of such uniform excellence that it is hard to choose between them. James Landy, of Cincinnati, shows some very fine portraits, among which one representing President Hayes is as good a specimen of photography as we have ever seen. The remarkable feature of Mr. Landy's exhibit is a series of large photographs illustrating Shakspeare's seven ages of man. The artistic grouping is only equalled by the wonderful execution. The first of the series, the baby, 'muling and puking in his nurse's arms,' is a masterpiece of life-like expression. Besides a good show of photographs, Sarony, of New York, exhibits some capital specimens of charcoal drawings. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, also shows some very fine charcoal and fusain portraits. Joshua Smith, of Chicago, makes a specialty of photographing children, and the remarkable collection of portraits of babies, of all sizes, ages, and descriptions, who 'have come all the way from Chicago,' is a sufficient proof that this artist has been thoroughly successful in a difficult branch of photography. J. Gurney, of New York, shows some excellent specimens of his permanent souvenir colored photographs. The colors are fixed, and do not fade."

One of the permanent results of the present Exhibition is to be the formation of a French Museum of Decorative Art. For some time past a number of gentlemen interested in art have been working with this object, and recently the ministers of Fine Arts, Public Works, and Finance have, on the advice of the Superior Committee on Fine Arts, granted for the purposes of the museum the Pavillon de Flore at the Tuileries. The South Kensington Museum in London has been selected as a model, and amateurs and collectors throughout France have been solicited to make contributions from among their art treasures. Tyros as we are in decorative art when compared with the French, one enthusiastic writer suggests that the American exhibits at Paris have not been without influence in hastening the establishment of the new museum: "In presence of the artistic progress of England, Austria, and even the United States, such ample proofs of which are now given at the Champ de Mars, France has been forced to acknowledge the urgent necessity of such an institution."

LOST AND FOUND.

In the *Scotsman* of January 9, 1878, a correspondent gives this curious instance of the loss and recovery of a ring: "About three weeks ago two gentlemen were out fishing on Loch Eriboll, northwest of Sutherlandshire, and one of them dropped a valuable ring into the water. Last week a fisherman on the same loch had among his haul a pretty large cod, and inside it was found the identical ring safe and sound. The fisherman was handed a pound note on his returning the ring to the owner."

"Those persons who have seen the Lord Mayor of London," says the *World*, of that city, "not merely in his most festive garb, but in semi-state, will not have failed to notice that the chief magistrate wears at such times a large oval ornament hung round his neck by a piece of Garter-blue ribbon. This ornament is composed of large diamonds. It is of great value, and has a history extending over something like eight hundred years—the age of the corporation. Shortly after Lord Mayor Cotton came into office one of the enormous brilliants of the 'jewel'—for that is its proper appellation—was missed. It had either fallen out or been stolen, and search was made for it high and low. The Mansion-House was presumably closely looked over, but unsuccessfully; and a West End jeweller was called in to provide a substitute for the lost diamond, the actual worth of which was very great, while its historical value might hardly be appraised. One day, however, as the Lord Mayor was reading in one of the drawing-rooms at the Mansion-House, a gleam of sunshine fell upon something lying near a couch, and when Mr. Cotton went to look, he found that that something was the missing diamond, which now gleams as brightly as ever in its old setting-place."

Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, Admiral X—— was in command of one of his Majesty's ships on the Mediterranean station. He always wore an antique ring of rare workmanship and very great value; it was curiously engraved with Arabic or Egyptian characters—a ring that nobody could possibly mistake. One day when on deck in giving some orders he lifted his hand, and his ring slipped off his finger and fell overboard. Of course he concluded that he had seen the last of his favorite ring; but a few weeks afterward he received a letter from a friend, Captain C——, who was stationed at Gibraltar, and who had heard of his loss, telling him he had found the ring in the following singular manner. He was buying some fish, when on the vendor's finger he saw the ring, which he at once recognized (as I said before, it was one it was impossible to mistake). He inquired of the woman how she got it, when she directly answered: "Sir, it is very odd, and perhaps you will hardly believe me, but I found it inside a fish I was cleaning." I need scarcely add that Captain C—— bought the ring, and returned it to his old friend, who, you may be sure, was more careful of it after this adventure, having a double value for it.

ANTI-FAT CHEMICALLY EXAMINED.

The analytical chemist, W. B. Drake, of Buffalo, N.Y., recently analyzed Allan's Anti-Fat, and gave the following:

CERTIFICATE.

I have subjected Allan's Anti-Fat to chemical analysis, examined the process of its manufacture, and can truly say that the ingredients of which it is composed are entirely vegetable, and cannot but act favorably upon the system, and it is well calculated to attain the object for which it is intended. W. B. Drake, *Chemist.*

Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred those obscure complaints which make life miserable and are a perpetual puzzle to medical men, arise from sluggish action of the kidneys, or deposit in the urinary machinery. Neglected or maltreated gravel, diabetes, or Bright's disease is induced, and, after years of suffering, nature succumbs, and accelerated by the common treatment the patient dies. Science has discovered in "Constitution Water" a resolvent and alterative of tremendous power, which exhibited in small doses, effectually relieves the system from all those incipient germs of lasting disease which attack the kidneys, bladder, and reproductive organs, while for female irregularities it proves a never failing specific. Tasteless as well as diminutive in doses, 40 drops being a maximum, Constitution Water never fails to cure.—[*Com.*]

New York, *March* 1, 1878.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen:

Gentlemen,—For the past two years I have been afflicted with disease of the prostate gland, attended at times with intense pain; have been treated by several physicians, with but little relief; have been in Roosevelt Hospital for treatment there. I was told my disease was the same as A. T. Stewart's and Commodore Vanderbilt's; that I might get some relief, but could not be cured. On the 2d of February I commenced taking "Constitution Water;" to-day I call to say to you that I am well, and tender this testimonial. E. H. Morton,
165 Waverley Place.

Constitution Water has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For sale by all druggists. Send for Circular. Morgan & Allen, 59 John Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes the growth of hair.—[*Com.*]

Diamonds at a great sacrifice, $5 and up. Price-List sent free. R. Humphreys, 819 Broadway, N.Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, Eng.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
NEW YORK.
A UNIFORM Price, $3 50 Per Day, to all parts of the House.
URIAH WELCH, Proprietor.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

SOZODONT is a delicate Aromatic Dentifrice, and should be used by every person who values a sound set of teeth. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and prevents the gums from becoming soft and spongy. Eminent Dentists and Physicians both in America and Europe have endorsed it. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

SPECTACLES AT REDUCED PRICES. Microscopes, Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Thermometers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
R. & J. BECK, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

40 DROPS OF Constitution Water,
THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
STONE IN THE BLADDER,
CATARRH OF THE BLADDER,
DIABETES, GRAVEL,
BRICKDUST DEPOSIT.
For Female Complaints a Specialty.
For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE.
BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS!
BOKER'S BITTERS
The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. No. 78 John St., N. Y.

PATENT PREPARED
GASOLENE
For GAS MACHINES. An absolutely pure article. Gives more Gas per gallon. Every barrel guaranteed. For sale at same price as the ordinary Gasolene. Address the Manufacturers,
CHARLES PRATT & CO.,
128 Pearl St., N. Y.

TELEPHONES.
How made and operated. Send stamp for complete illustrated description. **BUNNELL, Box 1286, N.Y.**

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Moustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by **Happy Hours Company,** No. 5 Beekman St., New York.

25 **Fashionable Visiting Cards**—no two alike, with name, **10c.** Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

GIRLS 5 nice perforated mottoes, for fancy work, **10 cts.** J.W. RUSSELL, Newton, Mass.

65 **Mixed Cards,** with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L.C.COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

$3 **GOLD PLATED WATCHES.** Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. Coulter & Co., Chicago.

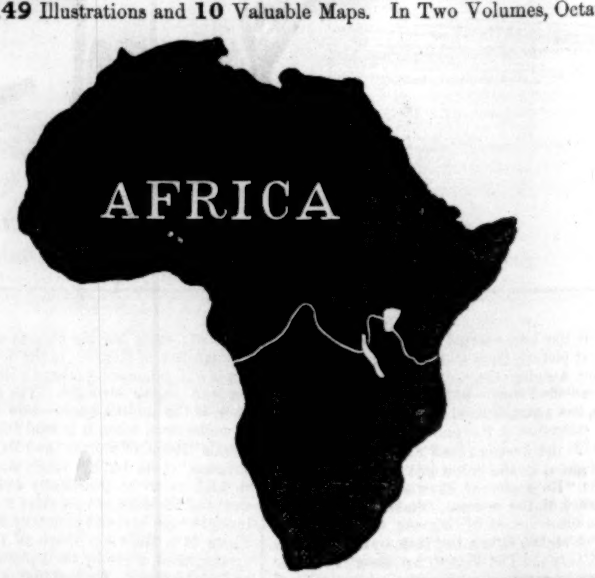
25 **Fashionable Cards,** no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO STARCH
Is perfectly Pure, Uniform, and Stronger than any other.
IS THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL IN THE WORLD.

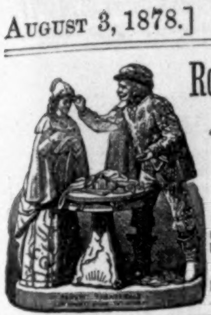
Agents Wanted for Mr. Stanley's Great Book.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT;

Or, The Sources of the Nile; Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa; and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. By Henry M. Stanley. With **149** Illustrations and **10** Valuable Maps. In Two Volumes, Octavo.



This important work will be published within a few weeks, and will be
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY SUBSCRIPTION.
The Publishers will be pleased to open communication with canvassers for the sale of this important and popular book. Prospectus now ready. Apply to **Subscription-Book Department.**
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.



Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

"Private Theatricals, last moments behind the scenes."

Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, N. Y.,
Corner 27th Street.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

The most praiseworthy attempt to popularize the best class of literature that has ever been made in this country.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Gives to a man for ten or fifteen cents what he has heretofore paid a dollar and a half for.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Convenient, neatly printed, and exceedingly cheap. —*S. S. Times*, Philadelphia.

The cheapest publication in the world.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The "Franklin Square Library" puts within the reach of the public, at the very lowest rates, some of the most valuable literary productions of the day. * * * These works are clearly printed, with large type and excellent paper; and yet the price of most of them is only ten cents each. For summer reading nothing could be more convenient or economical than the numbers of the "Franklin Square Library."—*N. Y. Sun.*

1. IS HE POPENJOY? A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 15 cents.

Anthony Trollope has never written a more satisfactory novel.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Cleverly constructed and well written.—*Hartford Courant.*

2. HISTORY OF A CRIME. By Victor Hugo. 10 cents.

No novel can compare with it in interest.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A terribly fascinating narrative, picture, drama, that is here given, re-enacting before our own eyes the scenes of a stormy epoch.—*Advance*, Chicago.

3. THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY. 10 cents.

This brilliant work is one of the most animated and interesting pictures of the Russian Empire and people out.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

A book that everybody should read who takes the slightest interest in the great question of the hour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

4. PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. A Novel. By John Berwick Harwood. 10 cents.

"A pathetic story of mining life, full of incident, and strong in character painting."

5. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS. A Novel. By the Author of "The Sun-Maid." 10 cents.

A pleasant book. * * * It tells its story well and spiritedly.—*Academy*, London.

6. HENRIETTE. A Novel. By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. 10 cents.

"A work of decided power and considerable interest. The translation has been made with knowledge and care."

7. CHRISTINE BROWNLEE'S ORDEAL. A Novel. By Mary Patrick, Author of "Marjorie Bruce's Lovers." 15 cents.

"This is a bright and pleasantly written love story, readable and entertaining, with an interest that is well sustained to the end."

8. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. A Romance. By Leon Brook. 10 cents.

"A well written story, describing scenes of great attractiveness to the lovers of exciting fiction."

9. HONOR'S WORTH. A Novel. By Meta Orred, Author of "A Long Time Ago." 15 cents.

"A charming novel, consisting of pictures of quiet English life, written with vigor, and in excellent taste."

10. KINGSDENE. A Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. 10 cents.

"The tone of this story is pure and wholesome. It is interesting, decorous, and absorbing."

11. CLEVEDEN. A Novel. By Stephen Yorke. 10 cents. (*Nearly Ready.*)

"This is a refined and dainty production, admirably written and of a high tone of sentiment. The characters win upon the sympathy of the reader, the dialogue is lively and dramatic, and the narrative throughout sustains a profound interest."

Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A TELEPHONE Complete **$3** guaranteed to work 1 mile. One guaranteed to work 5 miles $6. State where you saw adv't. Kent, Woodman & Co., 25 Congress St., Boston.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

HARPER'S GEOGRAPHIES.

A Complete Course in Physical and Political Geography in Two Books.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Harper's Introductory Geography,	70 cents.	45 cents.	37 cents.
" School "	1 46 "	94 "	75 "

They are the *cheapest* Geographies yet published, being furnished at a lower price than any other Geographies of the same number of pages.

They furnish the best facilities for the study of *local geography.* For this purpose, the United States is divided into groups. A separate edition of the School Geography is prepared for each group, containing, in addition to the general work, the special geography of that group. This special geography includes a full-page county map of each State in the group, together with a description of the surface drainage, climate, soil, minerals, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, railroads, canals, political organization, chief cities, educational facilities, and history of the State, and is furnished *without additional cost.*

The special geography of each of the following States is now ready: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska.

Harper's Geographies are in use in hundreds of cities and towns in all parts of the United States, and have received the unqualified endorsement of the public press, and of many prominent educators, including the following:

Selected as most completely answering the requirements of our county schools.—*Text-Book Committee, Vermillion Co., Ill.*

Our trial of Harper's Geography is very satisfactory. —John B. White, *President Almira College, Greenville, Ill.*

We have used the School Geography for one year. I know of none I would desire in its place.—S. Hayes, *Supt. of Schools, Galena, Ill.*

The Geographies are pleasing everybody.—J. B. Strode, *Prin. of Schools, Abington, Ill.*

Harper's Primary Geography, with its very interesting reading lessons, works admirably with beginners.—J. S. French, *Secretary of Board of Education, Plainfield, Conn.*

Since the adoption of Harper's School Geography as a text-book in our academy my expectations are more than realized.—T. S. Huggart, *Prin. of Salem Academy, O.*

Harper's School Geography is so admirably adapted to the wants of our schools that I have decided upon its introduction.—W. R. Hofford, *President of Allentown Female College, Pa.*

Harper's Geographies have given entire satisfaction, and are cheerfully recommended to other districts both for their superior merits and for the low price at which they are furnished.—E. W. Metzgar, *Clerk of the Board of Education, Osawkee, Kan.*

We are satisfied with Harper's Geographies.—Amos Hiatt, *Supt. of Schools, Anamosa, Iowa.*

I consider it a very valuable addition to our books of geographical knowledge.—E. A. Haight, *Supt. of Schools, Alton, Ill.*

It is certainly a most excellent text-book for common schools.—Jno. Hull, *Southern Illinois Normal University, Carbondale, Ill.*

Harper's Geographies meet my hearty approval.—J. W. Van Scheetz, *Principal of Schools, Oswigsburg, Pa.*

Harper's School Geography is giving perfect satisfaction.—James MacCarthy, *Prin. of Schools, New Cumberland, Pa.*

It is certainly a valuable book; beautifully made and judiciously arranged.—J. M. Gregory, *Regent Ill. Industrial University, Champaign, Ill.*

We are all pleased with the new Geographies.—A. J. Blanchard, *Prin. of Schools, Sycamore, Ill.*

We introduced the books, and have found them what we needed.—I. A. Vrooman, *Prin. of Schools, Cortland, Ill.*

Harper's Geographies have given the very best satisfaction.—John R. Wagner, *Prin. of Schools, Clarksville, Iowa.*

I consider the Introductory Geography the best Primary Geography I have ever seen.—Miss Mary Gray, *Prin. of Training School, Burlington, Iowa.*

We are all satisfied with the Geographies.—H. P. Roberts, *Prin. of Schools, Wataga, Ill.*

I have yet to find anything equalling these books.—G. H. French, *Normal University, Carbondale, Ill.*

I am most happy to express my entire satisfaction with your series of Geographies, which we have now been using for nearly a year.—Chas. H. Wright, *Prin. of Free Graded School, Greenwich, Conn.*

All who have used them, both teachers and scholars, speak of them in the highest terms of praise.—G. J. Tuttle, *Member of Board of Education, East Haven, Conn.*

Have used your Geographies in my school for the past year. Am well pleased with and can recommend them to all instructors.—Geo. Royal, *School Visitor, East Hampton, Conn.*

I know of no book that should be preferred to yours. —J. F. Everett, *Supt. of Schools, Rock Island, Ill.*

They are giving the best of satisfaction.—G. P. Peddicord, *Prin. of Schools, Wyanet, Ill.*

Your Geographies are giving perfect satisfaction in our town.—S. R. Holmes, *Chairman of the Board of Education, East Haddam, Conn.*

They strike the happy medium between too much and too little.—R. Williams, *Co. Supt. La Salle Co., Farm Ridge, Ill.*

The Geography is a success in our school.—S. L. Graham, *Prin. of Schools, Malta, Ill.*

Harper's Geography is giving excellent satisfaction. —W. I. Davis, *President Hamilton College, McLeansboro, Ill.*

We find the Geography exceedingly satisfactory.—Kate B. Ross, *Hedding College, Abington, Ill.*

We have used Harper's Geographies in our schools with excellent satisfaction.—Benjamin F. Sturgis, *Chairman of School Committee, Auburn, Me.*

I could not be induced to change it for any other text-book.—Henry H. Clark, *Supt. of Schools, Bath, N. H.*

We congratulate ourselves in the possession of an educational medium of so rare excellence.—Charles Dillingham, *Supt. of Schools, Sandwich, Mass.*

We have used Harper's Geographies now about two years, and they have given excellent satisfaction.—A. F. Moulton, *of School Committee, Scarborough, Me.*

The introduction of Harper's School Geography into our high and grammar schools is a complete success, receiving the highest encomiums from teachers, parents, and scholars.—S. M. Harriman, *Supt. of Schools, Raymond, N. H.*

Our teachers, some of whom have had a successful experience of fifteen or twenty years, pronounce it the best they have ever seen; and the more they test it in the school the better they like it.—J. R. Fletcher, *Supt. of Schools, Chelmsford, Mass.*

There has never, to my knowledge, been a school-book in our schools so universally well liked.—Hiram A. Cutting, *State Geologist of Vermont, Lunenburgh, Vt.*

We have used Harper's School Geographies in all of our schools during the past year, and consider them superior to any series we have ever used.—William H. Hadsell, *Chairman of School Committee, Hancock, Mass.*

Your book seems to please everybody.—W. R. Tomkins, *Chairman of School Committee, Wrentham, Mass.*

All our teachers speak highly in their praise.—S. Knight, *Supt. of School Committee, Stoddard, N. H.*

Harper's School Geography has been for some months used as a text-book in this school, with satisfactory results.—C. C. Rounds, *Prin. of State Normal School, Farmington, Me.*

We are much pleased with Harper's Geographies.—J. F. Dearborn, *Chairman of School Committee, East Parsonsfield, Me.*

I have introduced Harper's Geography to the exclusion of every other work of the kind.—A. H. Abbott, *Abbott Family School, Little Blue, Farmington, Me.*

The results obtained from the use of these books are so satisfactory that I recommend them to the notice they merit.—Helen I. Clement, *Teacher, Brookline, Mass.*

We have introduced Harper's Geographies into a part of the schools in this town during the past year, and feel *more* than satisfied with the result.—M. B. Smiley, *Chairman of School Committee, Athens, Me.*

My high expectations in regard to Harper's Geography are more than met.—W. L Whittemore, *Teacher, Boston, Mass.*

The results of the use of Harper's Geography have been perfectly satisfactory.—A. R. Dow, *Prin. of Graded School, Waterbury, Vt.*

The longer this Geography is used in our schools, the better it is liked by teachers and scholars.—Horatio Alger, *Chairman of the School Committee of Natick, Natick, Mass.*

Harper's School Geography was introduced into our schools last April, and is giving excellent satisfaction. —Abram E. Brown, *Chairman of School Committee, Bedford, Mass.*

I am satisfied that these are the best text-books on geography that have yet been published.—Hiram Orcutt, *Prin. of Tilden Ladies' Seminary, West Lebanon, N. H.*

I regard this Geography as one of the best text-books of the kind which has been given to the country for many years, and would heartily commend it to others. William Hart, *Supt. of Schools, Bath, Me.*

Harper's Geographies are giving perfect satisfaction.—William G. Hoyt, *Supt. of School Committee, Bradford, N. H.*

The school in which Harper's School Geography has been placed is more than satisfied with it.—Edward N. Pomeroy, *Secretary of School Committee, West Springfield, Mass.*

Their use in the class-room for six months has confirmed my opinion that they are superior to any other works of the kind that have fallen under my notice.—Josiah Swett, *Prin. of Champlain Hall, Highgate, Vt.*

It has proved itself far superior to any work that I have heretofore used.—M. H. Mason, *Prin. of Grammar School, Franklin, Mass.*

Since we have commenced to use it in the school-room, it has constantly grown in favor.—A. C. Hardy, *Prin. Penacook Normal Academy, Fisherville, N. H.*

We have introduced Harper's Geography into several of our schools, and are well pleased with it.—Geo. E. Clarke, *of School Committee, Falmouth, Mass.*

To those who are contemplating a change in their school Geographies, I can most heartily recommend Harper's.—Horatio Ilsley, *Supervisor of Schools, Freeport, Me.*

It is a year since we introduced Harper's Geography into our schools. We are pleased with it, and believe it the best of the kind published.—George C. Washburne, *Supt. of Schools, Waterbury, Vt.*

Harper's School Geography is giving excellent satisfaction.—Clarence E. Wheeler, *Secretary School Committee, and Prin. Grammar School, Rockland, Mass.*

I have tested Harper's Geography in the school-room, and with steadily increasing gratification.—A. P. Kelsey, *Prin. State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.*

Harper's Geographies have now been used in the schools in this town about six months, with excellent results.—S. Williamson, *Supervisor of Schools, New Portland, Me.*

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

MIDSUMMER LIST OF NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

I.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August. (*Now Ready.*)

Perhaps the best number of *Harper's Magazine* that has ever been issued is that for August. It is excellent in every department, and exceedingly varied. * * * There is nothing in all the pages of the number that does not merit praise.—*N. Y. Sun.*

This month's *Harper's* is in every way likely to show unmistakably the dignity of the engraver's art.—*N. Y. World.*

Harper's Magazine for August excites attention by its wealth of illustration.—*Boston Journal.*

A number which may fairly be said to be the best representation ever given of the achievements of the art of engraving.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

It is difficult to see how illustration can be carried farther. * * * This brilliant number. * * * This royal number. * * * The best ever issued.—*N. Y. Mail.*

II.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

Samuel Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. (*Ready.*) —Edward Gibbon. By J. C. Morison. (*Nearly Ready.*)—Sir Walter Scott. By R. H. Hutton. (*In Press.*)

III.

THE CHINA HUNTERS CLUB. By the Youngest Member. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

IV.

A PRIMER OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By Helen S. Conant. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cts.

V.

A YEAR OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. By Jessie Benton Frémont. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cts.

VI.

THE STUDENT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR. A Practical and Historical Grammar of the French Language. By Charles Heron Wall. With an Introduction by É. Littré, Member of the French Academy. For the Use of Colleges and Schools. 12mo, Cloth, $1 40.

VII.

HINTS TO WOMEN ON THE CARE OF PROPERTY. By Alfred Walker. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

VIII.

THE ATLANTIC ISLANDS. The Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure. By S. G. W. Benjamin, Author of "Contemporary Art in Europe," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

IX.

A LEGACY: Being the Life and Remains of John Martin, Written and Edited by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

X.

THE CANOE AND THE FLYING PROA; or, Cheap Cruising and Safe Sailing. By W. L. Alden. With Illustrations. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

XI.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1877. Prepared by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the volumes for 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, and 1876.)

XII.

THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY. By the Author of "The Member from Paris." 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

XIII.

THE COMING MAN. By Charles Reade. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

XIV.

HOLLY'S MODERN DWELLINGS. Modern Dwellings in Town and Country, adapted to American Wants and Climate. In a Series of One Hundred Original Designs, comprising Cottages, Villas, and Mansions. With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire. 75 cents.

Kingsdene. By Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. 10 cents.

Miriam's Heritage. By Alma Calder. 75 cents.

Mag. 50 cents.

A Beautiful Woman. By Leon Brook. 10 cents.

Honor's Worth. By Meta Orred. 15 cents.

Mine is Thine. By L. W. M. Lockhart. 40 cents.

My Heart's in the Highlands. 10 cents.

Henriette. 10 cents.

Christine Brownlee's Ordeal. 15 cents.

A Modern Minister. Illustrated. In Two Volumes. Vol. I., 35 cents; Vol. II., 40 cents.

Paul Knox, Pitman. By John Berwick Harwood. 10 cents.

Esther Pennefather. By Alice Perry. 75 cents.

Justine's Lovers. 60 cents.

Is He Popenjoy? By Anthony Trollope. 15 cents.

Reaping the Whirlwind. By Mary Cecil Hay. 20 cts.

Deceivers Ever. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. 30 cts.

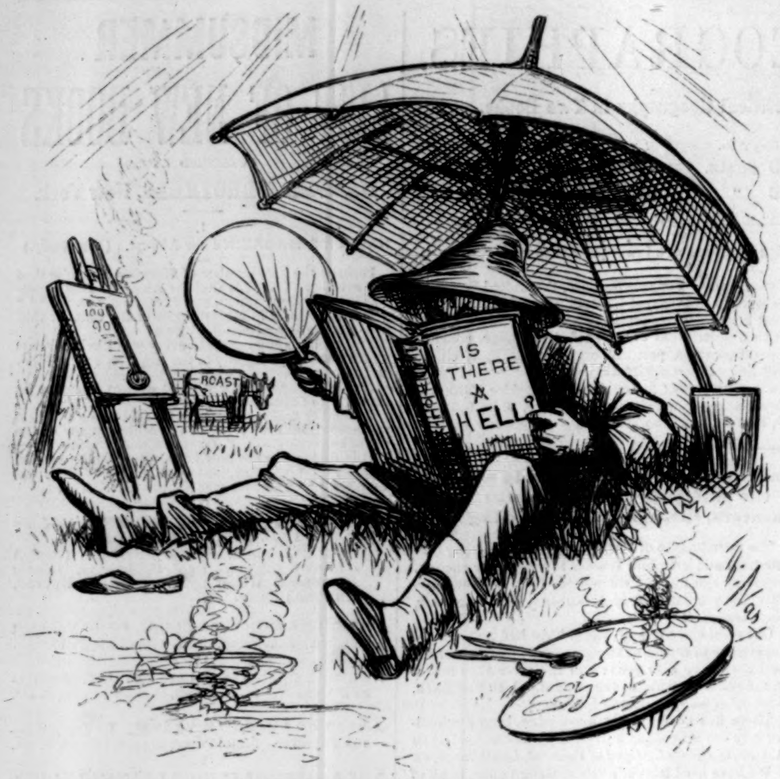
☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail (excepting the larger works, whose weight excludes them from the mail), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

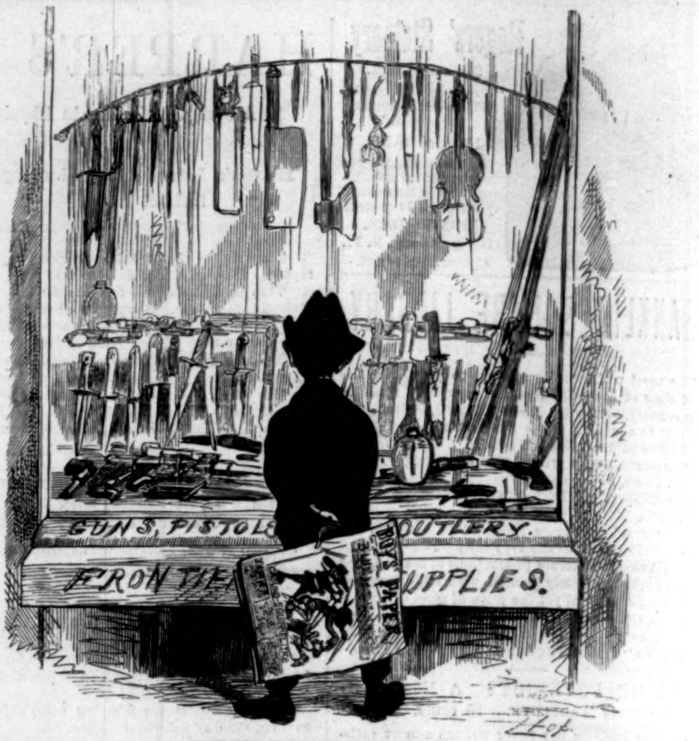
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



LIGHT SUMMER READING.


GUNS, PISTOLS CUTLERY.
FRONTIER SUPPLIES.
BOYS' PAPER

IMMORTAL LONGINGS.

JAMES W. BELL,
ARTIST TAILOR,
172 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

We beg to announce that we have recently entirely remodelled the very popular grades of full-plate movements known by the marks "Wm. Ellery," "Appleton, Tracy, & Co.," "Waltham Watch Co.," "P. S. Bartlett," and "Broadway," giving to them not only a highly improved appearance, but great additional value. We embody in them such of the best results of our experience and study for twenty years as can be useful in this popular form of watch. We give these new model watches special recommendation to all who look for good performance and solid excellence at moderate cost. The alterations have been made with the view of pleasing practical watchmakers, as well as watch wearers.

No watches retailed by the Company. Apply to your local jeweller.

For AMERICAN WATCH CO.,
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents,
New York.

ADDRESS ALONZO FLACK, Pres., for special terms at Claverack (N.Y.) College. All appointments the best.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year........$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " 4 00
The THREE publications, one year........10 00
Any TWO, one year........................ 7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year................20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid. A complete Analytical Index of the first fifty volumes, from June, 1850, to May, 1875, inclusive, is now ready. Price, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 25.

Bound Volumes of the Weekly or Bazar, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 56 volumes of the Magazine, 21 volumes of the Weekly, and 10 volumes of the Bazar now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of Harper's Weekly and Bazar render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the Weekly, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the Bazar, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

CONSTITUTION WATER

Has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. IT IS NOT A SPRING WATER, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

PATENTS For Inventors by T. H. ALEXANDER & ELLIOTT, Solicitors, Washington, D. C. (Established 1857.) Send for Hints to Inventors (free).

IT LAYS 'EM OUT

FLY BRICK. ALLAN'S FLY BRICK *The Little Giant Fly Killer.*

KILLS all the FLIES in a room in TWO HOURS. 10c. worth will kill more flies than $10 worth of Fly Paper. No dirt, no trouble. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y

FINEST ARCHERY GOODS,
MADE BY
THOMAS ALDRED, London.

Sole Agents in United States, W. HOLBERTON & CO., 117 Fulton St., N. Y. Send 10c. for Hand-Book of directions and rules for Archery and other out-door sports.

True Economy in the purchase of a Dictionary, is to get the BEST, the STANDARD.

$1 Send One Dollar for the Pocket Edition of

Webster's Dictionary.

Contains 18,000 Words, Rules of Spelling, Tables of Money, Weights and Measures, Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages. Morocco Tucks, Gilt Edges. For sale by dealers generally, or by mail, on receipt of $1.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
Publishers Webster's School Dictionaries,
138 and 140 Grand Street, New York.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

World's ONLY Manufacturer of
WHEEL CHAIRS
Exclusively. All Styles and Sizes for **Invalids' and Cripples'** Self-propulsion by means of hands only, in and out-doors. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequalled.* Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. Send stamp for Ill'd Catalogue, and mention *Harper's Weekly.* Herbert S. Smith, 32 Platt St., N.Y.

Every Man His Own Printer! THE EXCELSIOR **$3 Press** Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. **KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn**

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.
H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,
Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

At Creation's Dawn the medical springs of the earth sparkled and bubbled as they do now, but it required the light of Chemical Discovery to enable man to reproduce them from their elements, as the Seltzer water has been reproduced in

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT,

the most effective combination of a pure tonic, a wholesome laxative, a refreshing febrifuge, and a powerful antibilious agent at present known. The immediate and permanent relief that it affords in cases of chronic constipation, biliousness, stomach complaints, nervous depression, fever, rheumatism, dropsy, piles, headache, heartburn, and flatulency, has become a proverb in every civilized portion of the American Continent. Sold by all druggists.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark Patented

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

1. ESTHER PENNEFATHER. A Novel. By Alice Perry. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

It is a peculiarly interesting story, fixing the attention by a certain intentness, repressed force, and isolation of thought.—*Home Journal,* N. Y.

A story of remarkable originality. * * * It is full of strength and power.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Of great power, and calculated to attract universal attention. Miss Perry has drawn a series of pictures that interest and fascinate.—*Boston Transcript.*

A story of considerable strength and originality.—*Christian Advocate,* N. Y.

A more remarkable book from the pen of a woman has not been given to the public; indeed, it possesses more of the strength and virility of a masculine mind than of a woman. All the incidents and characters of the book possess a fascination that is entirely unique.—*N. Y. Express.*

2. JUSTINE'S LOVERS. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

A remarkably interesting work. * * * The experiences in office-seeking, and especially the interviews with the "great secretary," are most graphically drawn, and have every appearance of being studied from real life. The story is full of life and humor.—*Independent,* N. Y.

Bears many marks of unusual talent. * * * One of its minor merits is a happy gift of expression, a knack of crystallizing a thought in its most compact, precise, and translucent form.—*N. Y. Sun.*

May be read with decided pleasure.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Racy and vigorous.—*Boston Post.*

3. MIRIAM'S HERITAGE. A Story of the Delaware River. By Alma Calder. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

May be ranked among the best of the more modern novels that have attempted to depict American life. It has many strong recommendations to favorable notice, but none more worthy than the pleasing unconventionality that distinguishes the conduct of the plot. The book is remarkably fresh and vigorous, with a delightful open-air flavor throughout, and an interest that is attractive not only in, but beyond its pretty story.—*Saturday Evening Gazette,* Boston.

The book is American, the story is American, and the whole tone of the work is decidedly Christian. We commend it to every one who wishes a capital book for summer reading.—*Christian Intelligencer,* N. Y.

4. MAG. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A strong book, characterized by much originality. It is written with great spirit, and shows decided power in its writer. The touching plot is developed with a skill in which grace and delicacy are admirably blended with vividness and force.—*Saturday Evening Gazette,* Boston.

Is entitled to a place among the most pleasing works of American fiction.—*Rochester Express.*

A more thoroughly realistic sketch of character has not been given to the public for some time. * * * A new and strongly put lesson of the doctrine of charity.—*N. Y. Express.*

It comes from a hand that is strong in dramatic portraiture. * * * The characters are presented in well-defined relief. * * * The story is told with pleasing sprightliness.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

5. COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

"This remarkable work, written by an American novelist of unmistakable genius, presents a graphic picture of life in the Southern States, which forms the setting of a most fascinating story, the characters of which are drawn with masterly power and skill. The plot is full of action and incident, admirably managed, and the reader's interest is kept awake and expectant to the very close."

6. KILROGAN COTTAGE. A Novel. By Matilda Despard. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

"This very clever and interesting story, which abounds in excellent and novel features, is chiefly remarkable for its admirable pictures of country life in Ireland twenty or thirty years ago, with every phase of which the writer appears to be thoroughly familiar. Mrs. Despard possesses humor, keen observation, and good descriptive power; and in depicting character deserves to rank with the best female novelists of the day. She has much of the quiet, even strength which is the secret of Miss Mulock's popularity."

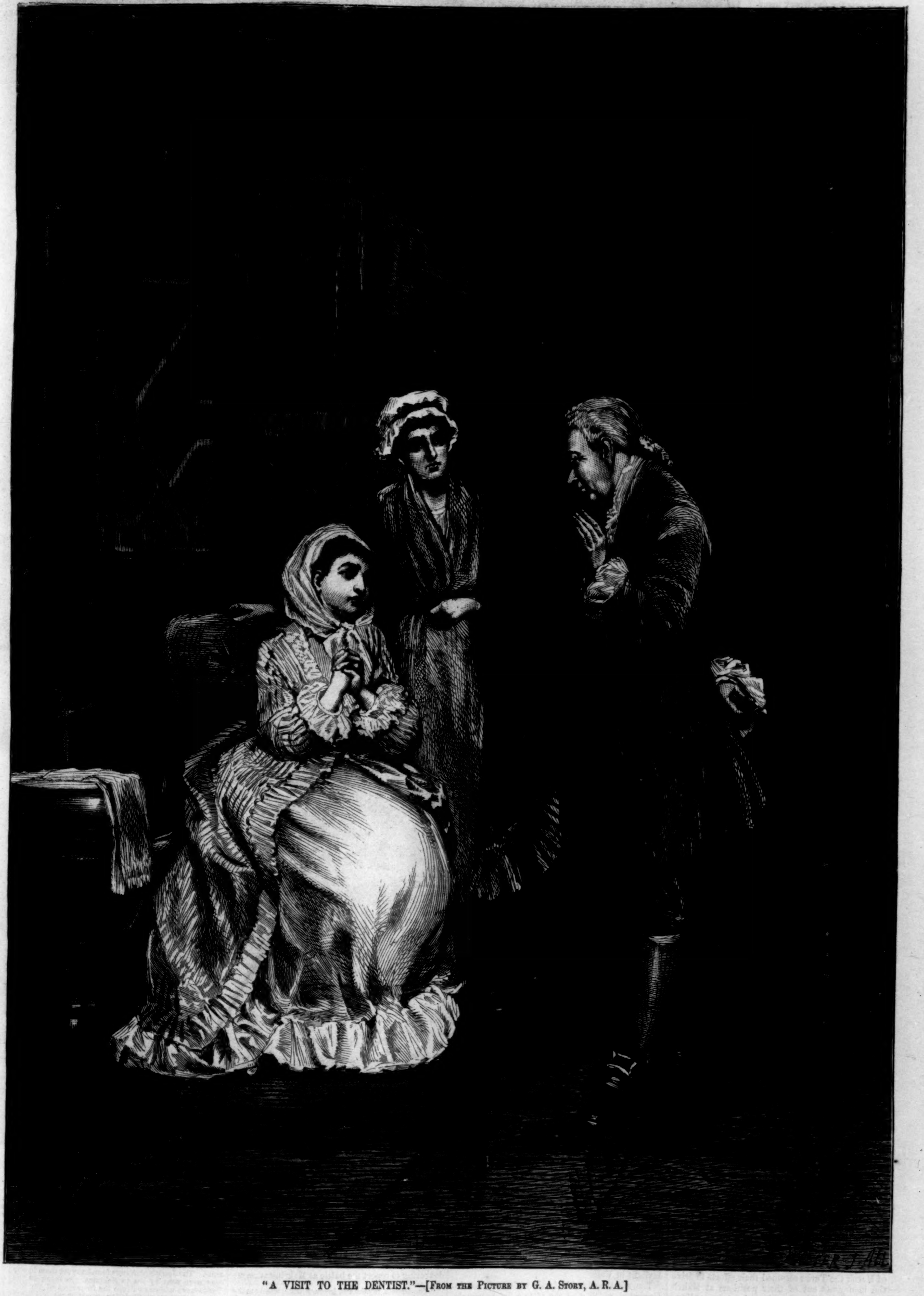
7. BLUSH ROSES. A Novel. By Clara Francis Morse. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*In Press.*)

"'Blush Roses' is a bright and fascinating novel, written in an animated and unaffected style. The story opens in Paris, whence the scene is changed to London, and then to Dresden; and the descriptions given of social life in these cities are original and charming. The work is attractive for its freshness and simplicity, and pleases the reader by its sweet naturalness of feeling and its quiet, artless pathos."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

"Harper's Library of American Fiction" will be supplied in half leather binding, paper sides, at 25 cents, net, per volume, in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.



"A VISIT TO THE DENTIST."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY G. A. STORY, A.R.A.]

THE GREEK INSURRECTION.

The abominable misrule of the Turk accounts for the Greek insurrection, as it does for the other difficulties that beset Eastern Europe. Moslem rule over Christian provinces has never failed to bring with it misery and oppression, and to this fate Thessaly and Epirus were abandoned when, by the division made in 1834, they were left outside the boundaries of the Greek Empire.

As long ago as last January, while Turkey was busy in contending with her Russian adversaries, the villages throughout these two provinces were the scene of occasional bloody encounters between their Greek inhabitants and the Turkish officials; but it was not until the 1st of March that the outbreak became serious. On that date an engagement was fought at Ghiasta, in Epirus, between the insurgents and the Turkish irregulars, lasting four hours. The Turks were completely routed, leaving eighty dead and 150 wounded, the insurgents taking three standards, arms, and ammunition. Elated with their success, the chiefs of the disaffected districts formed themselves into what they called a provisional government, and collected their forces near Mount Pelion and Makrinitza, where they awaited an attack from the enemy.

In the mean time, however, a Turkish squadron under Hobart Pasha was sent forward, and anchored off Volo, on the coast. Desirous, if possible, of reducing the insurgents to order without resorting to severe measures, the admiral issued the following proclamation:

"On arriving here I find that the villages in the immediate neighborhood of Volo are, if not in absolute revolt against the government, harboring rebels in large numbers. I find in more than one instance these villages fortified to resist the entry of the Turkish authorities, who have already been obliged to leave the ports. I find also that boats of my fleet have been frequently fired at by the inhabitants of these villages. I am informed also that frequent cattle raids have been made by bodies of men issuing from these villages. Now, as the villages I refer to are in the power of the fleet under my command, it is my intention to put a stop to these proceedings. However, before adopting coercive measures, I wish to try what conciliation can effect. Therefore I call on the villages to put themselves into friendly communication with me, so that the vital question of the pacification of the country may be discussed."

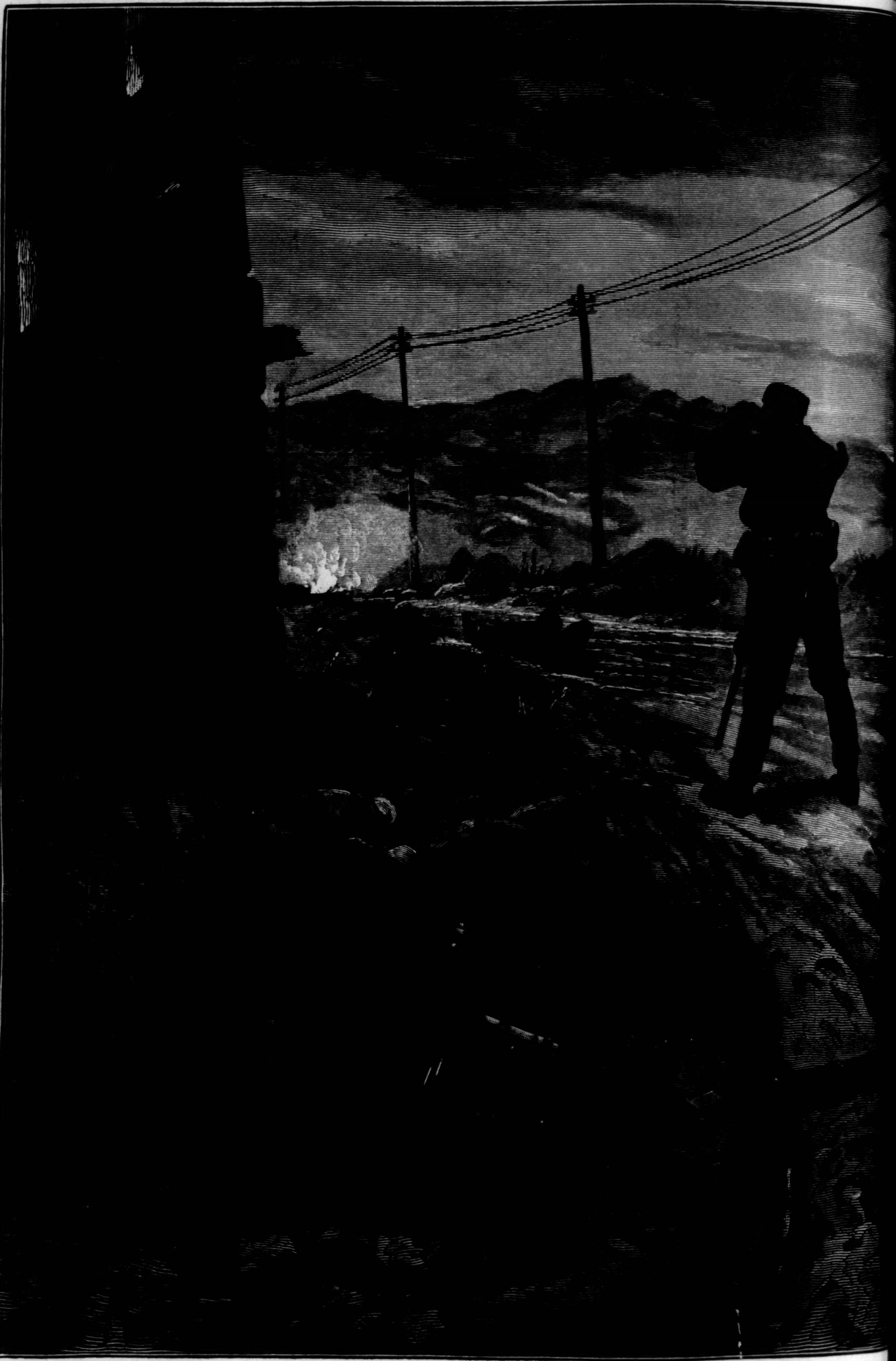
The friendly communication desired seemed to inspire distrust in the minds of the chiefs. But ten went to the conference thus summarily demanded, and the manner of these was so non-committal that Hobart Pasha decided upon issuing a more courteous invitation. This last document brought forth the following official response:

"Kurios Basdheki, Vice-President of the Provisional Government of Thessaly at Pelion, and Chief of the Army, and Kurios Axelos, have received the invitation of his Excellency Hobart Pasha, but they observe with astonishment that they are invited as chiefs of the malcontent party. They have to observe that there do not exist in Pelion chiefs of any malcontent party. There exist only the chiefs of the provisional government which has been called to govern this province until the realization of their vows. For these reasons, notwithstanding the pleasure it would give them to accept the invitation of his Excellency, they can accept it only in their real quality. If, then, his Excellency continues after this declaration to have the same sentiments, they can by agreement fix the place and time for the interview of the envoys of the provisional government with his Excellency Hobart Pasha."

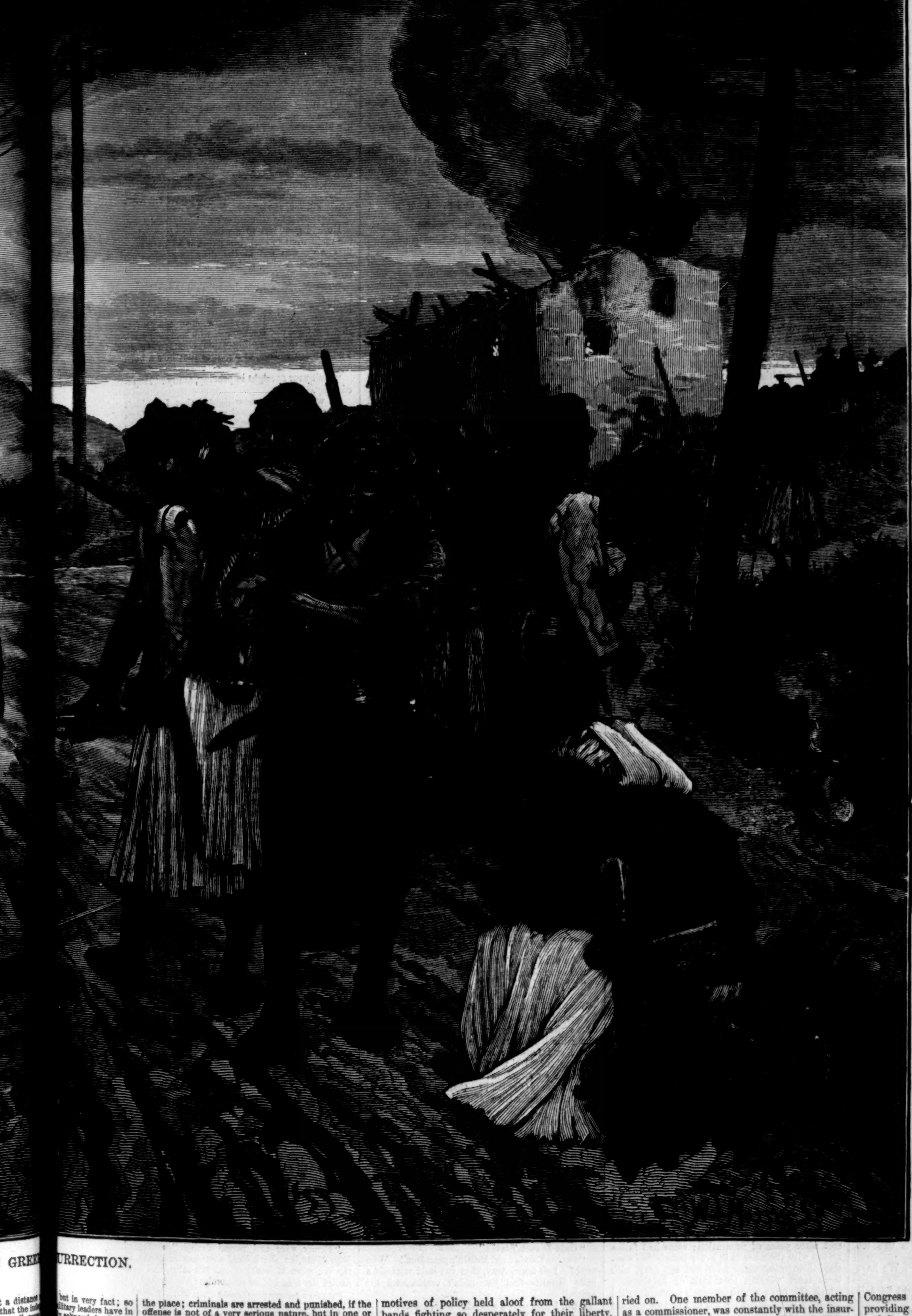
The effect of this communication was that both parties immediately began to prepare for hostilities, and on the 27th of March a series of violent combats began between 2000 Greeks in the Pelion and a Turkish force of 8000 men, supported by four iron-clads under Hobart Pasha. On the first day the Turks attacked in three columns, but were beaten back to Volo. The squadron, which had to cover the retreat of the Turkish troops, then opened a heavy fire on the insurgents in pursuit, on which occasion several shells fell into the town of Volo, wounding a number of the inhabitants. On the 28th and 29th of March the Turks resumed their efforts to drive the insurgents out of their positions at Makrinitza and Protaria, though without succeeding; but on the 30th they managed to expel them, and throw them back on Zagora. After this, according to a dispatch from the Greek consul at Volo to his government, dated the 31st of March, the Turkish troops entered the villages of Makrinitza and Protaria, which became the scene of most barbarous excesses, both villages being completely sacked, and the plunder sold in broad daylight in Volo.

The most noticeable feature of the Greek insurrection, which died out after a fitful struggle, was the excellent rule that obtained in the provinces during its progress. Never during the time that the district has been under the dominion of the Turks has there been such order and such respect shown for property and life as under the rule of the insurgent chiefs. Mr. Ogle, the correspondent of the London *Times*, who was treacherously murdered by Turkish irregulars while endeavoring to report the battle at Makrinitza, says:

"The Greeks, rayahs and freemen alike, wisely make internal order their first care, and their efforts succeeded to an extent which probably they themselves never foresaw. So far from the bands which hold society together being loosened, as they generally are in the most righteous of insurrections, law and order seem now to exist for the first time in the districts of which the 'rebels' are masters. The very brigands, who for years have defied the Turkish authorities, have been placed under restraint, and utilized as guides and sharp-shooters, sometimes with their own consent, on the promise of a future amnesty, but whenever necessary by force of arms. The Jewish prisoners found among them in one case were sent by sea to Salonica. As soon as the Turks have withdrawn into the fortresses of any district a provisional Christian government has been formed there—not in name only, as some misguided people at a distan
much so that the in
many, if not all, ca
authority and place
In this way, not to s
—namely, of Army
created under my ow
include the whole c
them has more tha
first constituted, an
others are grouped.
its functions with
of police and their
for the different vi



THE GRE



GREE URRECTION.

but in very fact; so
ilitary leaders have in
y acknowledged their
s under their orders.
rs, three governments
and Agia—have been
n. These three alone
ly, and the largest of
ects. Pelion was the
tre round which the
overnment fulfills all
regularity. Prefects
have been appointed
y instance natives of
the place; criminals are arrested and punished, if the offense is not of a very serious nature, but in one or two grave cases they have been ordered to be kept in custody until regular courts shall be established after the union with Greece; the taxes are collected with far less trouble than when the district was under the Turks; passports are issued; rations and pay are supplied to the army, the commander of which, Basdheki, is also Vice-President of the government."

During their whole struggle the insurgents were entirely without sympathy and encouragement from the Greek government, which from motives of policy held aloof from the gallant bands fighting so desperately for their liberty. The support the insurrection did receive from Greece came almost entirely from the National Defense Committee—a body consisting of wealthy merchants, bankers, professional men, and others, who were not interested in politics, and had never been in the employ of the government. These did their part in supplying the sinews of war, and to them also is due, in a great measure, the orderly manner in which the insurrection was carried on. One member of the committee, acting as a commissioner, was constantly with the insurgents, watching and reporting; and by a judicious management of money the power was kept in the hands of the most upright and law-abiding of the chiefs. These men were unusually intelligent, and animated by a patriotism not often found among races which have been for any length of time subject to Turkish oppression. The correspondent of the London *Times* describes Meetza, the chief who commanded at Pelion, and the heroic little band of which he was the leader, as follows:

"An hour ago I was on the street, and met a party of troops. They were Captain Meetza's men, and were on their way to the quay. I went with them. They were orderly, and almost without exception wore a uniform consisting of a jacket of invisible brown, trimmed with scarlet, devised, as the leader told me, by King George. They halted before a chapel, and for a minute or two Meetza, with pride in his eye, gazed at them in silence. A fine man is this Meetza, and, as his father before him, he leads the people of Kranidi in politics and war. His followers are Albanians by race, and men of lofty stature; but he is taller than them all, and his massive frame is set off by his semi-barbaric dress. He wears Albanian buskins and kilt, and is splendid in metal and dyes, though over these is a European coat of Scotch tweed. His Greek fez, resembling somewhat in form a drayman's cap, is of black velvet, and a wreath worked in gold springing from the cross forms a border. His black mustaches, curling up to his eyes, give him an aspect most determined. By-and-by he speaks to his bugler, and the bugler calls the sergeants. These hurry up. Meetza bends forward, the sergeants do the same, and, with their heads together in the centre and their bodies radiating therefrom, the whispered commands are given and received. The chapel doors are opened by officers of the government, and cases marked 'Ministry of War, Athens,' but which, I ought to explain, had been bought from the government by the Committee of National Defense, are brought out. Meetza tears them open, and they are seen to contain Chassepots and bayonets. The men come up one by one to select a weapon. They examine the lock, they look along the barrel, they feel the edge of the bayonet, and they argue about supposed defects as only Greeks can argue, until their gallant captain loses patience and stamps and shakes his fist at them. At last they are all supplied. The bugles sound, the battalion moves forward, and the banner flies in the wind. It is of the national colors, light blue and white. It bears the words 'Union,' 'Brotherhood,' and the sacred symbols of the Christian faith—Iota, Chi, Theta, Upsilon, Sigma."

The mode of warfare adopted by the insurgents was an excellent one, and well calculated to succeed had not the opposing forces outnumbered them to an enormous extent. In all cases they were careful to economize men, and avoid the disheartening effect of a decided defeat. Their object was not so much a victory over the Turks as the expulsion from the land of the machinery of the Ottoman government, and the affording an opportunity to the inhabitants to express their true sentiments. Indeed, warfare in the Greek provinces has peculiar characteristics of its own. As a general thing the inhabitants strike no blow without a fair chance of obtaining some political or strategical advantage. With few exceptions, they have no idea of fighting in the open. They are too intelligent to stand up and be shot at, and their tactics are the result of an accurate calculation of chances. In a contest like the one we have been describing they kept to the mountains, descending into the plain only to capture Turkish convoys of provisions—an operation which they effected with great success, even under the walls of a castle. Posted on heights, behind rocks and breastworks of loose stones, they would fire with deliberate aim at advancing battalions, and retire with scarcely any loss before they could be surrounded. However strong a village might be, they would never occupy it, but would take up positions on the surrounding heights, to avoid, as they expressed it, being taken "like rats in their holes." In this way the defense of a town was sometimes successful, sometimes not, but the results were rarely if ever disastrous.

The tactics of the Turks, on the other hand, were as stupid as their conduct in victory was inhuman. Massing their troops in towns, a slight defeat would cost them an immense number of men. When victorious, however, they executed vengeance for such losses by slaughtering women and children, or condemning them to a worse fate. The scenes described by the English Commissioner, Mr. Longworth, and another visitor who followed him a month later on a tour through the distressed provinces, are simply horrifying.

Disappointed in the result of the insurrection, the unhappy provinces hoped much from the action of the Berlin Congress; but the terms of the agreement between England and Russia respecting the basis of negotiations established for the Congress again plunged them into despair. By providing for "reforms" in Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete a death-blow was dealt to the dearest hope of the inhabitants—that of annexation to Greece. Hope revived again when, through the arguments of England, the representatives of the little nation were admitted to the Congress; but their claims were not allowed, and the plenipotentiaries left the whole question of the rectification of the boundaries between Turkey and Greece to be settled by those two countries.